HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ANXIOUS MOMENTS.—[Drawn by Gaston Fay.]

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page series of sketches in Norway, the beginning of a new story by the author of "Patty," and other interesting features.*

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"CAUSE" FOR REMOVAL FROM OFFICE.

THERE is no doubt of the soundness of the principle announced by the President in his letter of acceptance and in his inaugural address, that honest and faithful officers should not be removed except for good and legitimate cause. But what is good "cause?" It is not necessarily personal dishonesty or official malfeasance. A man may not steal in office, and may be technically a good officer, and yet there may be the most conclusive reasons for his removal. The great abuse of our civil service, the real evil and peril, is the prostitution of the power of the public offices to private and personal ends. The system as known for the last fifty years turns public trusts into private perquisites, and the public money paid in salaries is thus devoted to maintain the political fortunes of certain men. Now, as a public office is a public trust, the officer who uses the patronage of his place for personal purposes, and who makes the office virtually a political agency, ought to be removed. "Cause" does not imply crime, and when the President said that no officer who is honest and faithful should be removed, we certainly understood him to mean that the abuse we have mentioned was incompatible with proper fidelity, and was a most legitimate reason for removal. If he did not mean this, if he meant only that no officer who was not dishonest or grossly inefficient ought to be removed, however much he might pervert the authority and patronage of his office to illicit ends, he meant only what every defender of existing abuses lustily asserts. So far as the suspensions in the Custom-house were concerned, therefore, the President not only violated no principle, but unless he was mistaken in supposing that the Custom-house was, in effect, a personal political machine, he would have been recreant to his duty had he not taken action. Of course if it was such a machine, and the President merely intended that it should continue to be such under another form, he was only a false and canting pretender. And if it can be shown that the CONKLING machine has been made in the same sense a SHERMAN machine, or an EVARTS machine, or a MORGAN machine, or any body's machine, and that such was the President's purpose, the futile insults and gibes of Mr. CONKLING against the Chief Magistrate might have some show of reason.

The President's good faith has been impeached upon the ground that while professing to wish the Custom-house to be a business office and not a political and personal agency, he removed one politician only to appoint another. But to sustain the charge of insincerity against the President it is not enough to assert that Mr. MERRITT was a politician, even if it be done in the offensive manner that the New York *Times* has permitted itself to adopt. To sustain the charge of insincerity it must be shown either that the President in appointing a politician really meant to continue the abuses that he condemned, or else that he had no reason to suppose that, being a politician, Mr. MERRITT would not continue them. Mr. CONKLING, who is reported to have described the President as a person occupying the Presidential chair, probably believes the first. As for the last, the fact is that the President had the best reason to believe that Mr. MERRITT would not turn the Custom-house into a mere personal machine, because he had not done so in his office of Surveyor during the six months that he had occupied it. Apart from the general principle of administration that new measures and a new system require new men, the President had seen that whatever the presumption may have been upon this point against Mr. MERRITT, it was disproved by experience, while the promotion of Mr. BURT to the Naval Office was the just advancement of an officer with whom "the machine" argument was notoriously powerless. We were among those who disapproved, upon reform principles, the selection of Mr. MERRITT for the Surveyorship. But it is not pretended that he administered it for the personal advantage of any man. The same fact in the Collector's office will be of itself a gain for reform. It is something to destroy it as a CONKLING machine. But, as we said upon Mr. MERRITT'S appointment last July, whenever he is plainly guilty of "running his office" to promote political and personal ends, we shall be quite as ready, and upon the same principles, to support his removal as we have supported the removal of Mr. SIMMONS and Mr. ARTHUR. If he should do so, it would be said, indeed, that he was only fighting the rancorous enemies of the Administration with their own weapons. That would be true; but it is to the weapons that we object.

If our view of "cause" and of the facts be correct, it is evident that Mr. CONKLING in opposing the confirmation was not maintaining the President's principles against the President, and however smartly he may have sneered, he certainly did not succeed in proving the President's insincerity. If, as the President alleged and believed, the Custom-house was an agency to promote certain political purposes, there was the most legitimate cause for the suspension of Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. CORNELL. Mr. CONKLING was merely striving to keep his devoted lieutenants in place and to retain control of the New York patronage, and he tried to do it under cover of defending the principle that no officer should be removed except for cause—a principle for which his own conduct shows his contempt. Those who have been disappointed by the present Administration ought not to refuse recognition of what it has really effected because it has done much that they dislike and left undone much that they desire. There is no doubt that Congressional dictation of nominations has been much abated, that direct official interference with politics has been diminished, and that assessments upon members of the civil service have been discouraged. Generally, also, not always, meritorious officers have been renominated when their terms have expired. All such results are good, and had the friends of reform considered all that has been done as carefully as they have derided all faults and short-comings, unquestionably more and better results would have been obtained. Meanwhile Republicans who see and feel more and more the necessity of reform should be a little more courageous than to suppose the question can be laid on the shelf by the action or inaction of any Administration. It is a reform which will be continually agitated until it is settled, which, like every measure of real progress, can bear a great deal of defeat and delay and disgust, but which the good sense of the country will gradually demand and obtain.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

ONE of the most important of recent political events has excited very little attention; yet it is of great significance, and deserves careful consideration. The campaign of 1876 was fought largely upon the fear of "rebel claims." The imminent danger of the payment of such claims, if the Democratic party should obtain power, was perhaps the loudest "cry" of that election, and it was so serious a cry that the Democratic candidate just before the day of election published a letter stating substantially that he should veto the payment of such claims if elected. These claims and the probability of their payment have been denounced with great energy, and Republicans have been strenuously "rallied" to oppose them. The William and Mary College Relief Bill was opposed with great vigor and flowing eloquence as an entering wedge. It was to be resisted at all hazards. It was a type of what we were to expect, except that the avalanche of claims would sweep away the Treasury. But—such is the irony of fate! —a Democratic House voted down the William and Mary claim; and when the WARREN MITCHELL "loyal" claim appeared in the Senate, Mr. HILL declared his steady hostility to the payment of any war claims whatever, and in the House Mr. BRAGG, of Wisconsin, drew the most fiery of the Southern Democratic members into a vehement declaration to the same effect. It was still further ironical in fate, after we had been lugubriously warned of the avalanches that were to sweep away the Treasury, to observe Congress by a large majority of both parties cheerfully starting the avalanche of the Pension Bill.

Doubtless an opportunity will be offered to the Democrats to take the position which their Southern wing has warmly and wisely assumed, of paying no claims whatever. It is plain from the nature of the case, as well as from copious testimony, that Southern loyalty is a quality very difficult to establish. As Mr. HILL said, there were many thousands of good citizens in the Southern States who deplored the beginning of war and who loved the Union. But when their States "went out," they acquiesced and recognized the existing authority. The loyalty which was real and efficient to the degree of taking up arms against the rebellion, or attempting in any way to maintain the Union, was very small. That, on the contrary, which was effective when circumstances permitted was very large. Mr. HILL gave some striking illustrations of comparative loyalty, and his speech, with the sincere renunciations in the House of any desire to insist upon payment of any claims whatever, must have a very great effect except upon those who regard all Southerners as deep and dark political Jesuits, who when they say in the most emphatic manner that they do not advocate a measure, really and secretly mean that they will move heaven and earth to carry it.

The common agreement of Republicans and Democrats to stop the payment of claims growing out of losses in the war would be a great public benefit. It would settle harmoniously a question which will be always vexatious, and put an end to payments of very doubtful justice. Of course such a measure would stand alone and upon its own merits. The suggestion that the Southern Democrats intend to offer non-payment of claims as the price of liberal subsidies for public works in the Southern States does not seem to be justified. That they desire liberal appropriations to be spent in their States is doubtless true, and also that there are national works of various kinds which are to be undertaken there, and which will be paid for by the Treasury. But subsidies of private enterprises should be and will be rejected. The declarations upon the subject of claims, however, are so strong and uncompromising that we have no fear they will be withdrawn. They ought to have the good effect, also, of showing that there are some defects in the deep and dark Jesuit theory. It is true that the tone of the Southern replies to Mr. BRAGG was defiant. But his assertions were not complimentary. To say to a great body of party associates that they were faithful only so long as they thought they could draw liberally from the Treasury was not a conciliatory remark. It is, indeed, true, and Mr. BRAGG did his party a good service in saying it, that so long as Democratic success meant payment of Southern claims, Democratic success would be indefinitely postponed. But to add that the "solid South" would be Democratic only so long as it could grab from the common purse, was to do what Mr. GRATZ BROWN was said, in a moment of after-dinner forgetfulness, to have done at New Haven—butter his water-melon. We certainly shall not quarrel with Mr. BRAGG, however, for carrying us so far forward in the settlement of a troublesome question.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

THE position in public regard of Mr. DANA, the most venerable of American authors, who died a few days since in his ninety-second year, was striking and singular. For more than forty years he had published nothing. Before that time he had published but a few poems, tales, and essays, such as expressed his genius, and with no appeal to popularity or applause, yet through all the recent and rich growth of our literature, and the increasing fame of its great names, he has steadily held his place in public estimation, not widely read, as indeed he never was, but recognized as one of the fathers of the distinctive American literature. He was a scholarly, shy, secluded man, of extreme delicacy and refinement of nature, of choice and fastidious tastes, of the true literary temperament, and his life, by a happy fortune, was a long literary leisure. In his youth he rambled by the sea at Newport; in his age he mused by the sea at Manchester. He never lost that kindred and sympathy with nature which was so remarkable in his friend BRYANT; and they were both touched by that mysterious modern love of nature which marked WORDSWORTH'S genius, and which made both DANA and BRYANT partakers of the deepest and best spirit in modern literature.

Readers who are familiar with DANA'S works are very few. The works are contained in two volumes, and the "Buccaneer" is his most famous poem. It is a tale or legend of the sea-side, and over the story hangs a weird, supernatural light. It is full of gloomy power, relieved with touches of tenderness and solemn pathos, and it is very remarkable among our earlier literary works. It is perhaps too stern for general popular sympathy; but it is a poem over which HAWTHORNE might have pored fascinated, although we do not recall any allusion to it by him. "The Little Beach Bird" is a poem also which is characteristic of DANA'S genius, his tenderness, his sympathy, his solemn thoughtfulness, touched by the mystic spell of nature and the yearning music of the sea always present in his soul. The impression of DANA'S life and genius, indeed, is much akin to that of BRYANT in its solitary independence. The Puritan gravity and self-restraint, with a certain depthless sadness, are in both of them; and looking back upon them now, with all their similarity and sympathy of nature, it is easy to understand with what strong and eager feeling DANA must have gone to see the reputed author of "Thanatopsis"—a poem of which he at once perceived the scope and originality, and to which his soul instinctively answered.

Mr. DANA'S lectures on SHAKESPEARE he read many years ago to small and delighted companies in parlors, not in halls, instinctively apprehending that their rare and subtle quality demanded that intimate attention. His health, which was not vigorous up to middle life, then began to improve, and during the last half of his ninety-one years he was singularly hale and well. His life was pure and simple, but very private. He took no part in public affairs, and his name seldom appeared in print except in the course of some reminiscence or literary criticism, and we do not know if any record remains in letters or diary of the long and tranquil meditation of his life. In the midst of our hot and busy whirl, our fierce contentions, our passionate and often puerile struggles, it has been always refreshing and chastening to think of the serene repose, the lettered leisure, the unambitious but not torpid retirement, the grave and sweet life, the calm religious character, which the name of RICHARD HENRY DANA always suggests.

REPUBLICAN REACTION.

THE Springfield *Republican* evidently supposes that we were advocating a side when we were simply stating a case. When we say that parties now cohere mainly by tradition, and that an attempt to force vital issues upon either of them would rend them in twain, and consequently that they will probably go into the campaign of 1880 maintaining the *status quo*, we do not say that we advise such a course, or that we approve of evading positive issues. We trust that the Republican party will make as unreserved a financial declaration, for instance, as it did in New York and Massachusetts and Connecticut last year; that it will express a very emphatic opinion about the suppression of the colored vote in the Southern States; that it will pronounce against the payment of all Southern claims, if that is still an open question; that it will declare against sectional suspicion and jealousy; and that it will demand a system of non-partisan appointments to office based upon ascertained qualification, a repeal of the four years law, and a tenure of good behavior. These are among the good things which ought to be obtained, and the Republican party is most fitted to obtain them. We are not blind, however, to the reaction in the party, and we do not suppose that a party which in various States has just elected Messrs. LOGAN, CAMERON, CONKLING, and CARPENTER to the Senate, and which will apparently send Mr. CHANDLER from Michigan if it has a chance, will probably undertake, for instance, such a reform of the civil service as we desire. But we do not propose, for any such reason, to help bring in a party from which reform is still less to be expected. The *Republican* seems to hold that the election of the gentlemen we have named is conclusive evidence of the hopelessness of "reform within the party," and that all who sincerely desire reform will be wise enough to oppose the party of LOGAN and Co.

This, as we remember, was the reasoning of 1872, when the *Republican* supported Mr. GREELEY and a Democratic restoration. There was no question at that time of abuses and misconduct in the Republican party, and of the ascendency in the Senate of the very group to which Messrs. LOGAN and Co. belonged. There were very plausible arguments for a change. If the question were reduced to a simple formula, Why was not a party to which men like Mr. BAYARD belong more trustworthy than one in which certain familiar "bosses" were conspicuous? the answer was easy: it *was* preferable. But the question was not quite so simple. Even Mr. SUMNER used to say at that time that Mr. GREELEY was an original Republican, and that General GRANT had never voted but once, and then for JAMES BUCHANAN. If that were all, it would have been wise to vote for Mr. GREELEY. But the instinctive question was, Does Mr. BAYARD represent the forces behind Mr. GREELEY? Mr. BAYARD is an honorable man, but what are the convictions and objects that control the party with which he acts? Is it wise, or well, or safe,

to intrust the government of the country to a party composed and controlled as we know the Democratic party to be, even with an old Republican at its head, rather than to a party composed as we know the Republican party to be, even with Messrs. LOGAN and Co. in conspicuous places? That was really the question which decided the election of 1872. There were many other considerations, but that was controlling. The result would have been the same even if Mr. ADAMS had been nominated at Cincinnati, or if the Democrats had not adopted Mr. GREELEY. The decisive consideration was distrust of the Democratic party. It was, if the *Republican* pleases, a choice of evils, and "independents" by thousands simply chose what they thought the lesser of the two, and voted for General GRANT.

There is no probability of any active demonstration next year like that of 1872 at Cincinnati. The Administration is Republican, and its total freedom from scandals and its patriotic spirit prevent any secession. Assuming that no such scandals arise, that specie payments are maintained, that industry revives, that the Republican Convention rebukes bulldozing and sectionalism, and does not evade honest financial declarations, ought there, in the *Republican's* opinion, to be a bolt from the party because Illinois has elected Mr. LOGAN, and New York Mr. CONKLING, and Wisconsin Mr. CARPENTER? If a bolt should occur, could it have any other result than to secure Democratic ascendency, and would that increase the probability of reform? Messrs. LOGAN and Co. know perfectly well that there is a large and independent element in the party which approves neither them nor their methods, and which does not and would not follow them at all costs. That consciousness modifies their action, so that, however strong they may be, they are not the party. In our system of government, where results are to be obtained only through party agency, patriotic men will hold their party simply for what it is—a means to an end; but they will not abandon the means so long as, with all its imperfections, it seems to them better than any other. There are times, of course, when an honest man will vote against his party, but he will not abandon his party because some part of it honors men whom he does not, or because it may sometimes pass measures that he does not approve, or fail to support those that he desires. When, however, such men control absolutely, and when such measures are the general policy, he will naturally "quit." We recognize the Republican reaction, but we do not yield to it. We do not "acquiesce in the propriety or necessity of running the Republican party on traditions, or even on rejected reforms," but in adjusting it to real and vital issues, and we shall labor to that end.

A GLANCE ACROSS THE BORDER.

THE amusing order signed by a military secretary regulating dress at the reception of the Governor-General in Canada, which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH made the subject of suggestive comment, is significant only as a little part of the scheme to foster a sentiment in America hostile to the American idea. The drift of the BEACONSFIELD Administration is exaltation of the power of the crown, and to that degree withstanding the natural and historic political development of England. This tendency has aroused the attention of sagacious Englishmen, and comments upon it are among the most striking and interesting of recent contributions to English periodical literature. The same general policy which makes the Queen of England the Empress of India sends a royal princess to Canada to establish a semi-regal court with all the attendant etiquette. It is a thoroughly Tory policy, in the old-fashioned sense, and it naturally arrests the attention of all political observers.

Of course neither Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH nor any other intelligent spectator supposes that the advent of the Queen's daughter and the colonial court at Ottawa will make trouble with the United States. If our good Canadian neighbors find comfort in the rank of the wife of their Governor-General, and take pleasure in the ceremonies of a palace of which the mistress is a "daughter of England," no sensible American will suspect them of harboring designs against our peace. But that need not blind any eye to the fact that the court sentiment and ceremonial are inconsistent with the principles and tendencies known as American, and which characterize especially North America. Nothing can be in general more harmonious than the relations of the United States and Canada. Indeed, the fault on our side is rather too great ignorance of our neighbor, and too little interest in his concerns, than jealousy or hostility of any kind or degree whatever. Yet obviously nothing would seem to be more probable than that English-speaking communities adjoining each other upon this continent would gravitate together and seek some form of alliance. The friendly union of Canada and the United States is, upon general principles, so natural, that it is undoubtedly within the forecast of every political thinker.

In this view the studied cultivation of monarchical and aristocratic feelings and institutions in Canada is a policy in which every American may have a speculative interest as a policy intentionally perplexing to American political development. "The States" are not so far from the capital of the Dominion that a skillful propaganda of aristocratic and royal sentiment might not have some effect upon that element of American society which "loves a lord," and that other and very different class which philosophically distrusts popular institutions. The policy which tends to assimilate and unite the English-speaking communities of the New World is the true continental policy, and the one which an American instinctively approves. Thus the attention which the avatar of a scion of royalty in Canada has attracted is not due merely to the interest in one who is born in the purple, but to its political significance and tendency. The regulation of dress is a matter of etiquette. Etiquette is a constituent part of a court. A court belongs to a system which is not in the broad sense American, and which tends to wean American sentiment from American ideas. A court at Ottawa will not upset the American republic; but a court at Ottawa may be none the less worth thinking about.

THE SWEDISH PLAN.

As there is always sure to be legislation upon the subject of liquor licenses, and as the experience of other countries is of very great service in all such legislation, we are glad to see that Mr. OGDEN has presented to the New York Legislature some methods of the Swedish system. The debate for a long time must be upon a license and not a prohibitory law. Local option is thus far the favorite method of applying the prohibitory principle, and in many places, as we know, it is found to be a practicable and salutary plan. To compel a man to go no farther than the next village for his dram is to lay a great restraint upon drinking, and to promote the good order of the village from which he is sent. This is the experience in many rural districts. The Civil Damage Act is less effective, for obvious reasons, but when this is really enforced it is also very serviceable. All such regulations are signs of the disposition to do something effectively to stay the plague of drunkenness, and their combination, wherever practicable, will be found of great benefit.

The friends of the proposed amendments in the license system hold that the law should be simple and easy to enforce, and that while it protects the public and the persons licensed, it should also produce the maximum revenue. Measured by such tests, the present laws fail totally. They are found to be complicated and even self-conflicting. They do not protect the public. They produce little revenue, make the liquor business a political power, and encourage hypocrisy, fraud, and contempt for law. Upon reflection, these charges against the present laws will be found to be largely justified, and Mr. OGDEN'S amendments contemplate remedies which have been tested in Sweden. The amendments propose, in brief, that the number of licenses shall not exceed one for each five hundred of population, and a convenient time and place shall be provided for the sale of licenses, which are to hold for one year. The licenses shall be sold at auction, one by one, and to the highest bidder, one-fourth of the amount to be paid at the time, and the rest within a month or six weeks. The buyer must notify the Board of Excise at what place he intends to use the license, and the record of such intention shall be open to public inspection. If owners of half the property within two hundred feet of the designated site object to such use, the license shall not issue for that place. The amendments, of course, are not to interfere with local option.

The experience of Sweden justifies the friends of the amendments in asserting that under such a system the city, town, or village obtains the actual money value of the licenses, while the dealer who has paid fair value will be careful not to forfeit his own license and to prevent illegal selling by others. The number of drinking-places is limited, and they are more readily watched; and as all licenses are sold at one time and go into effect at one time, all interested can protect themselves most easily. The authority of the local board to regulate the number of licenses extends to prohibition, and is an admirable form of local option, which is still further secured by the right of the neighborhood to remonstrate. This plan makes it impossible to grant licenses through favoritism, or as rewards for political or personal service, and by compelling payment of the real value of the license, the town or village receives the undue profit which has hitherto been secured by the liquor-seller. The effect of this will be to make liquor-selling no more profitable than other trades, so that it will pass into the hands of a better class. The friends of the amendments hold that they propose a plain business arrangement, fair to the liquor-dealer, to the public treasury, and to all the people, and they have good reasons for their assertion. It is evident that such a plan would remedy many of the most familiar evils of the present system. The only question is whether the friends of prohibition will accept a compromise which is so full of promise, and which can appeal to experience for its justification.

PERSONAL.

EX-SECRETARY FISH says, "I sometimes think, when I see the way we blunder toward luck, of an old saying that Providence takes care of kings, fools, and the United States."

—The new Governor of North Carolina, THOMAS J. JARVIS, is a native of Hyde County, in that State, and about forty-seven years of age. His first appearance in public life was as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1868. Subsequently he served in both Houses of the General Assembly, and was in the Constitutional Convention of 1875, of which body he was the recognized leader on the Democratic side. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, by virtue of which office he is now President of the Senate. He is a man who is in the strictest sense a Democrat, and has been in the front rank of his party in all measures looking to the supremacy of that party.

—The Rev. Dr. POTTER, rector of Grace Church, in this city, in a sermon recently published, mentions as a unique fact in the history of that church that during the past ten years its contributions for purely missionary work have amounted to $1,082,368—a larger sum probably than has been contributed for missionary work by any parish in the country. Not a dollar of this vast sum was expended in the maintenance of church services in the parish or in beautifying and adorning the church edifice. Whatever has been done for these purposes is entirely outside of the amount above named. The church has reached its threescore years and ten, and never was so largely attended, never so prosperous, and never had the co-operation of so many hearts and hands in its work.

—The "Saturday Club" of Philadelphia has long been known as one of the foremost social institutions in the country. Its members embrace all that is most distinguished in the social and professional life of Philadelphia. Its "reception" on the 1st inst. was given by Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, who had the pleasure of entertaining not only the *élite* of his own city, but a hundred or more gentlemen of New York and other places who have achieved distinction in politics, the judiciary, law, medicine, literature, and art. It was a very remarkable assemblage—one of the many remarkable gatherings which Mr. CHILDS has had the pleasure of bringing together in his own mansion.

—Among the pictures recently exhibited at GOUPIL'S was one of very great merit by a young American artist, Mr. J. ELLIOTT GREGORY. It represents a page in a velvet dress bearing a tray and glasses. The coloring and textures are admirable, and the picture is not only a very noticeable composition, but a promise of still more excellent work to come.

—Mr. TOM TAYLOR is understood to have resigned the editorship of *Punch*, and Mr. F. C. BURNAND is to be his successor. *Punch* has not made much progress under Mr. TAYLOR'S management. MARK LEMON and SHIRLEY BROOKS were very capable editors and genial men, thoroughly interested in their work, and in sympathy with the members of their staff. Mr. TAYLOR, though clever and accomplished, is neither genial nor humorous. Mr. BURNAND has done the best things in *Punch* for years past.

—General RICHARD TAYLOR, in a recent article on "A Statesman of the Colonial Era," gives a very interesting sketch of GEORGE MASON, of Virginia, one of the founders of the government, and of his kinsmen who became conspicuous in public life. Of these, GEORGE MASON declined the position of Senator. His nephew, STEPHEN THOMSON MASON, was a Senator from Virginia in 1794–1803. Another nephew, JOHN THOMSON MASON, was offered the position of Attorney-General of the United States by JEFFERSON, and again by MADISON, but declined. A grandnephew, ARMISTEAD THOMSON MASON, was elected a Senator from Virginia in 1815, but fell in a duel with his cousin JOHN MASON M'CARTY, at the age of thirty-two. A grandson, RICHARD B. MASON, colonel and brevet brigadier-general in the United States army, was the first civil and military Governor of California. Another grandson, JAMES MURRAY MASON, was sent to the Senate by Virginia in 1837, and remained a member until the civil war, when he went as Confederate Commissioner to England. Descended, but more remotely, from the same stock was JOHN Y. MASON, of Virginia, who was Secretary of the Navy under TYLER, held the same office as well as that of Attorney-General under POLK, and died in Paris, whither he had been sent by PIERCE, as United States minister.

—Mr. CUSHING, it is said, could read sixteen hours a day for a month, and never forget an important fact obtained in that time. While Attorney-General, he would have his meals brought to him and laid on his writing-desk, and often would eat the entire meal without looking at it or resting from his work.

—RICHARD T. ELY, a graduate and fellow of Columbia College of the class of 1876, recently received public praise from Heidelberg University for the excellence of a treatise he had written on "The Sphere and Province of Government, according to the Doctrines of Turgot, Adam Smith, and John Stuart Mill."

—In Dean STANLEY'S address on America, recently delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, he recalls to us the following "personal" of three personages who first sprang into fame in Virginia: "What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers who, in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age, were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme—statesman, poet, historian, discoverer—Sir WALTER RALEIGH. He lies in a nameless grave at Westminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure, well known in America—dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of JOHN SMITH, was the life and soul of that early settlement, and whose career both before and afterward was checkered with a series of marvellous risks which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards—CULANETA, the lady of Hungary, TRAGEBIZONDA, the lady of the Turkish harem, and POCAHONTAS, the young daughter of the Indian chief POWHATAN, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst POCAHONTAS, the earliest or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of JOHN SMITH, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre in the city of London. 'Here'—such was his epitaph—'he lies conquered who conquered all.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: In the Senate, on the 31st ult., Mr. Saunders announced that the joint committee on the proposed transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department were unable to agree, being equally divided. The House non-concurred in the Senate's amendments to the bill to abolish the volunteer navy. The Fairfax Seminary war claim was rejected, in the House, by a vote of 89 to 128.—On the 1st inst., in the Senate, Mr. Hoar presented a minority report from the Committee on Privileges and Elections in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting States from disfranchising persons on account of sex.—On the 3d, the Senate confirmed the nominations of Collector Merritt and Naval Officer Burt, of the New York Custom-house, the former by a vote of 33 to 24, and the latter by 31 to 19. The House refused to suspend the rules and pass a bill for the issue of $40,000,000 in four per cent. bonds, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of arrears of pensions. The vote was 140 to 81, or less than two-thirds.—On the 4th, the House discussed the Army Appropriation Bill. Amendments proposing the reduction of the army to 15,000, 17,000, and 20,000 were rejected, the last by a vote of 66 to 118.—On the 5th, the Senate resolved to appoint a select committee to investigate the Nicaraguan claims. The Edmunds resolutions affirming the validity of the last three constitutional amendments were adopted by a strict party vote, after a discussion which continued until near midnight. The Mississippi Levee Bill passed the House, by a vote of 155 to 73, after an amendment appropriating $3,871,500 for strengthening the levees had been withdrawn.—On the 6th, the Senate passed the Census Bill, and also instructed the Committee on Agriculture to inquire into the reports of cattle disease. The House, in Committee of the Whole, discussed the Army Appropriation Bill all day, and by a vote of 101 to 91 grafted on the re-organization scheme.

Two more United States Senators were chosen, on the 31st ult., B. F. Jonas, from Louisiana, and J. J. Ingalls, from Kansas.

FOREIGN NEWS.

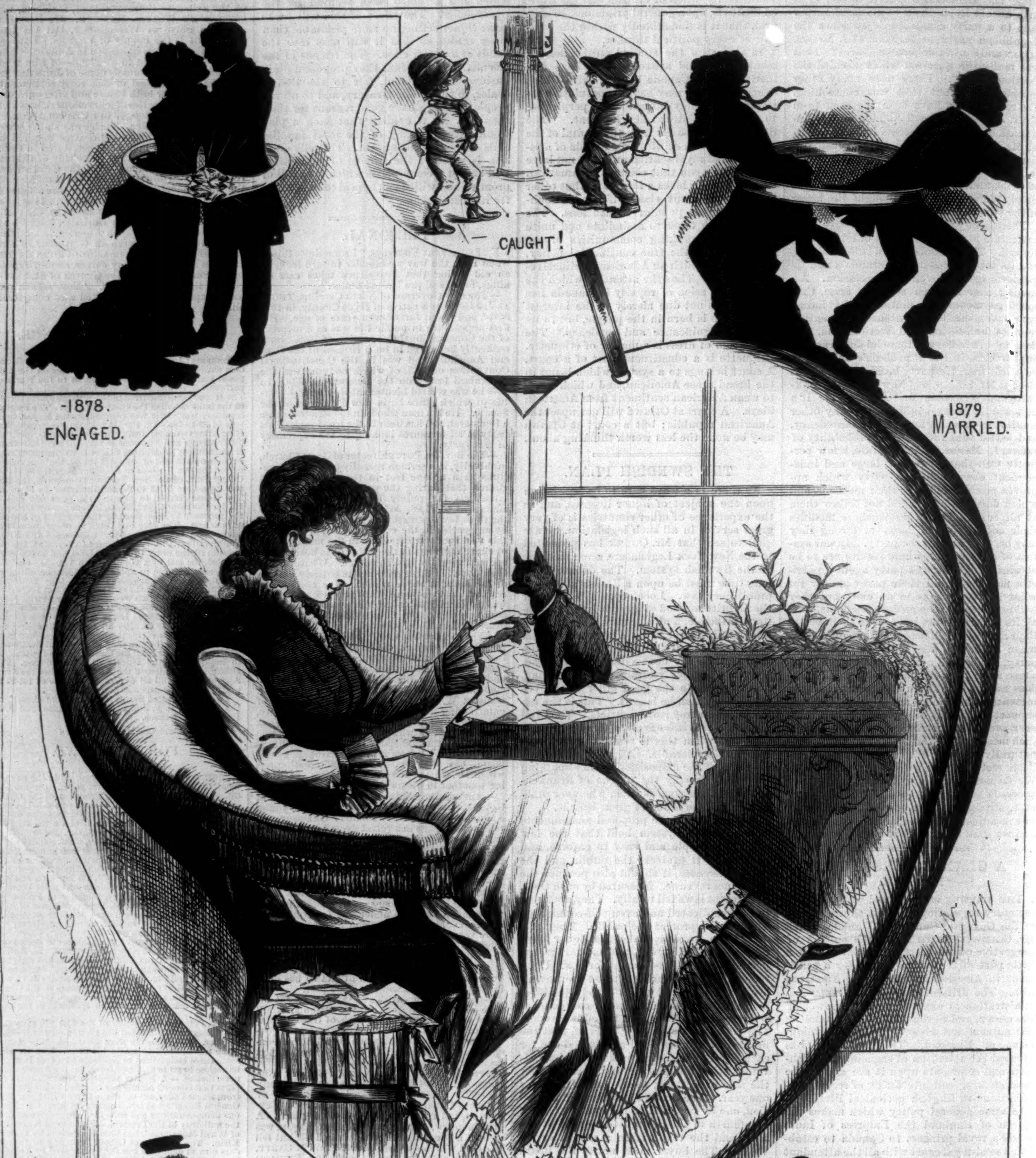
FURTHER important changes occurred in the government of France during the past week. On the 31st ult. M. Gambetta was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 314 out of 405.—The candidates of the Left were unopposed in seven out of twelve supplementary elections held on the 3d inst. for Deputies. M. Paul de Cassagnac, whose election was invalidated by the Chamber, was re-elected by a majority of 600.—The new cabinet was announced on the 4th, as follows: M. Waddington, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Senator Le Royer, Minister of Justice; M. De Marcère, Minister of the Interior, and also Minister of Public Worship *ad interim*; M. Jules Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts; M. Lepère, Minister of Agriculture; Admiral Jauréguiberry, Minister of Marine. Five of the six new ministers are Protestants, and three of the six are lawyers. M. Cochery, Under-Secretary of the Department of Finance, has been nominated minister, with a new department. M. Andral, Vice-President of the Council of State, has resigned, and Admiral Pothuan has been appointed ambassador at London, and Colonel Andlau ambassador at Vienna. —President Grévy sent his first message to the Chambers on the 6th, and on the same day M. Gambetta delivered his inaugural address as President of the Deputies.

A St. Petersburg dispatch of the 31st ult. says that the Ameer of Afghanistan has arrived on the Russian frontier. His followers were disarmed. The Ameer alone was allowed to retain his arms. The Russian authorities endeavored to persuade him that it would be useless to go to St. Petersburg, but the Ameer went, nevertheless.—A Reuter telegram from Calcutta reports that General Maude has returned to his quarters from Buzar Valley, having made terms with the chiefs. General Roberts had left Hazarpir for Khurum. Riotous demonstrations had been made in Seistan against the authority of the Persians.—Mohammed Khan, son of Whali Mohammed, has been imprisoned by Yakoob Khan. The property at Cabool belonging to the sirdars now at Jelalabad has been plundered by Yakoob Khan's order. The shelling of a portion of Cabool by Yakoob Khan has ceased because of threats of a general uprising.

The Roumanians have occupied, with a large display of force, a position near Silistria, which position they claim as belonging to Roumania. They have refused the peremptory summons of Russia to give up the place, and a collision is apprehended. Austria approves the attitude assumed by Roumania, and it is said England takes a similar view. Roumania is ready to submit to the decision of Europe.—Prince Alexander of Battenberg has declined the candidature for the Bulgarian throne.

The plague in Astrakhan is still spreading. The Czar has approved the summary measures for stamping out the scourge. The Minister of the Interior is empowered to burn Wetlianka and other villages where it is necessary, the inhabitants to be removed elsewhere within the quarantine district. The military cordon around the infected districts is 1000 miles long. The local Sanitary Commission of Moscow have decided on the most stringent precautions, such as the closing of unhealthy basement dwellings, the erection of buildings to accommodate 2000 people, and of furnaces for burning infected clothes, and the gratuitous distribution of cooked provisions. Railway cars from Russia are not admitted to German territory, and severe quarantine measures are enforced on the frontiers and the Black Sea and Danube ports. The Austrian government prohibits the importation of a large number of articles from Russia, and orders the disinfection of all arrivals therefrom. Quarantine of Italian ports has been increased to twenty days, and the importation of certain articles is forbidden. A disease believed to be identical with the plague has appeared in Thessaly.

A serious outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia has occurred among the cattle at Hull, in England. The Canadian government has prohibited the importation of cattle from the United States for three months from the 1st inst.



ST. VALENTINE FANCIES.—[DRAWN BY H. STULL.]

RICHARD H. DANA.

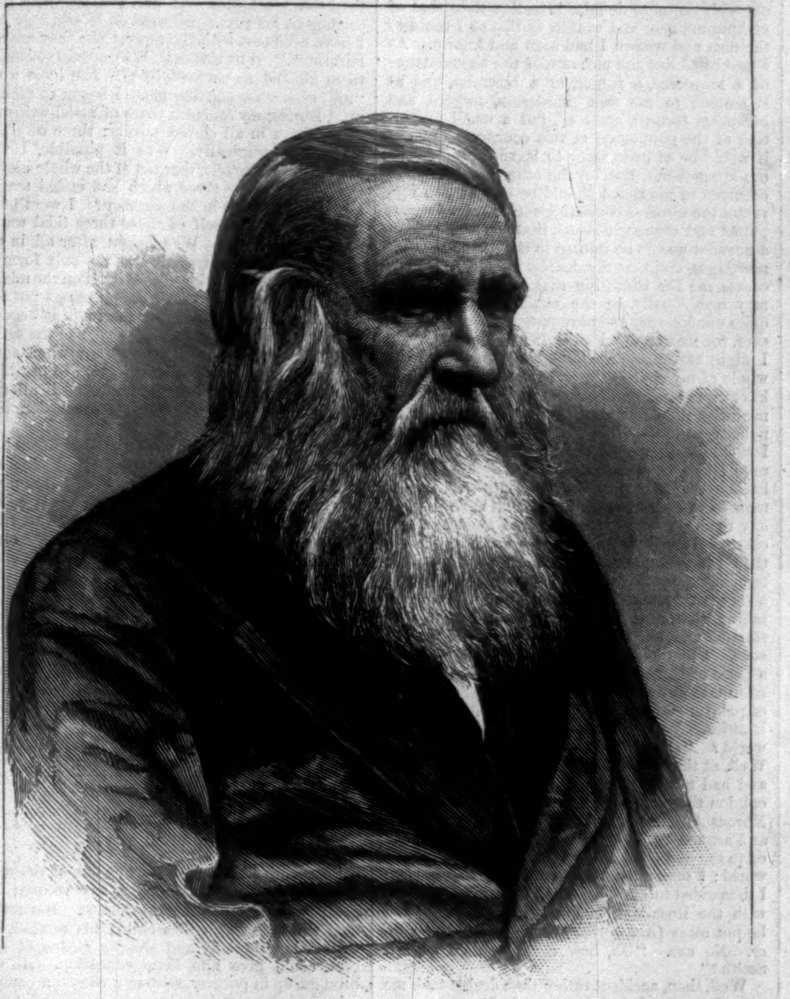
THE name of RICHARD H. DANA is associated with the dawn of American literature, as that of his father is with the beginning of our history as a nation. Those who have studied attentively the records of the Revolution will not fail to remember FRANCIS DANA, the eminent jurist, who served his country in the various offices of member of Congress, foreign minister, and Governor of the State of Massachusetts. The mother of RICHARD DANA was the daughter of WILLIAM ELLERY, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thus on both sides he is descended from men whose active patriotism assisted in laying the foundations of our republic. In his own life, however, there is, with a single exception, no record of his having concerned himself in any way with political questions, and we know him only as one of the most talented and scholarly of the writers whose efforts to give a national character and direction to our literature were made during the first decades of the present century.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was born in 1787, during the period of reaction that followed upon the excitement of Revolutionary days. His childhood was passed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which had been the home of his family for several generations. At the age of ten years he was taken to Newport, where he made the acquaintance of the sea, that was to furnish him inspiration for his longest and most remarkable poem. In 1804 he entered Harvard College, and here occurred an incident by no means unusual in the case of irrepressible youth, but one that is not always attended with such serious results. A rebellion broke out against the authorities, headed by a few lawless spirits, in which young DANA was concerned, and he, together with several others, was compelled to leave the institution. As usual, terms were soon made which would have enabled him to resume his standing; but pride forbade their acceptance, and he determined to continue his education in other ways. Among the relatives of the DANA family was FRANCIS DANA CHANNING, a lawyer of considerable reputation, and a cousin of RICHARD DANA. Under his able direction the young man devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar at Baltimore, in which city he had taken up his residence for a time. He soon removed, however, to Boston, and it appeared as if he might follow in the steps of his father. His college concluded to confer the missing degree; he was fully equipped, so far as the necessary study was concerned, to take a high place in the legal profession, and an opening was given him in politics by his election to the Legislature. All these prospects were, however, abandoned. On the Fourth of July, 1814, he delivered an oration at Boston, and as if this was the turning-point in his career, his talents were henceforth devoted to the cause of letters.

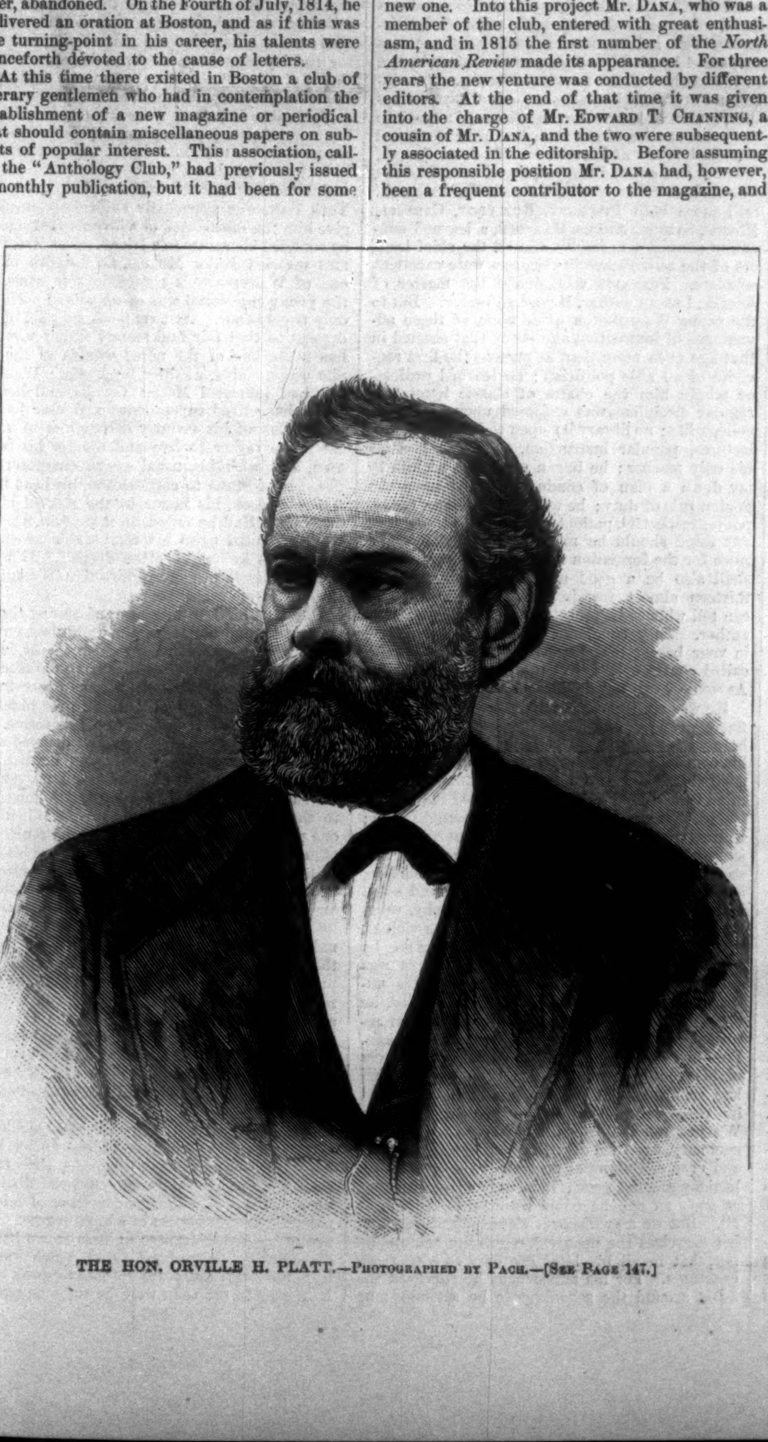
At this time there existed in Boston a club of literary gentlemen who had in contemplation the establishment of a new magazine or periodical that should contain miscellaneous papers on subjects of popular interest. This association, called the "Anthology Club," had previously issued a monthly publication, but it had been for some time discontinued, and their desire was to start a new one. Into this project Mr. DANA, who was a member of the club, entered with great enthusiasm, and in 1815 the first number of the *North American Review* made its appearance. For three years the new venture was conducted by different editors. At the end of that time it was given into the charge of Mr. EDWARD T. CHANNING, a cousin of Mr. DANA, and the two were subsequently associated in the editorship. Before assuming this responsible position Mr. DANA had, however, been a frequent contributor to the magazine, and had won considerable reputation as a writer by able reviews and articles calling attention to a new school of English poets, represented at that time by WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE. His own poems were also beginning to attract attention, and the public were gradually becoming convinced that they need no longer look so exclusively abroad for poets and essayists. As an editor Mr. DANA was constantly on the look-out for fresh talent and ability, and thus he was among the first to discover the remarkable beauty of a new poem offered by a gentleman on the part of an unknown writer, then scarcely emerged from boyhood. This poem was "Thanatopsis," and the boyish writer BRYANT, whose subsequent poetical contributions, together with Mr. DANA'S own, gave a new and original character to American poetry.

In 1819 Mr. CHANNING received the appointment of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard College, and this terminated the connection of the two cousins with the *North American Review*. Mr. DANA determined upon starting a periodical of his own, and with this view came to New York. In a short time a publication called *The Idle Man* was started, but its career was brief, a few numbers only having been issued. Several causes have been assigned for its failure, but the most probable reason was that the editor's aims were too exalted, and he overestimated the cultivation of the readers who support magazine literature. After the failure of his own venture we find him writing for the magazine of his former contributor, the *New York Review*, edited by Mr. BRYANT. In this publication many of his best poems appeared, and also a number of essays of unusual merit. For many years articles appeared from his pen in different periodicals, both secular and religious, all of which bore the impress of careful study, and a fixed determination to master every detail of the subject under treatment. In 1839 Mr. DANA appeared as a lecturer. His success was marked, the course of eight lectures upon SHAKSPEARE that he delivered in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia being largely attended, and receiving the most favorable notice from the critics. In 1850 he published a work of two volumes, which comprises, with the exception of a few essays and other unimportant articles, about all that he has written. After having thus collected together what may be regarded as the sum of his literary achievements during the years spent in active work, Mr. DANA determined upon retirement from the scenes where he had acquitted himself so well. For the last thirty years he has been known to the world neither as a lecturer, nor a writer, but simply as a scholarly gentleman enjoying the laborious creations of others, and dividing his time quietly between the rural delights of his country home and the pleasures to be enjoyed in meeting with congenial friends and acquaintances during his periodical sojourns in Boston.

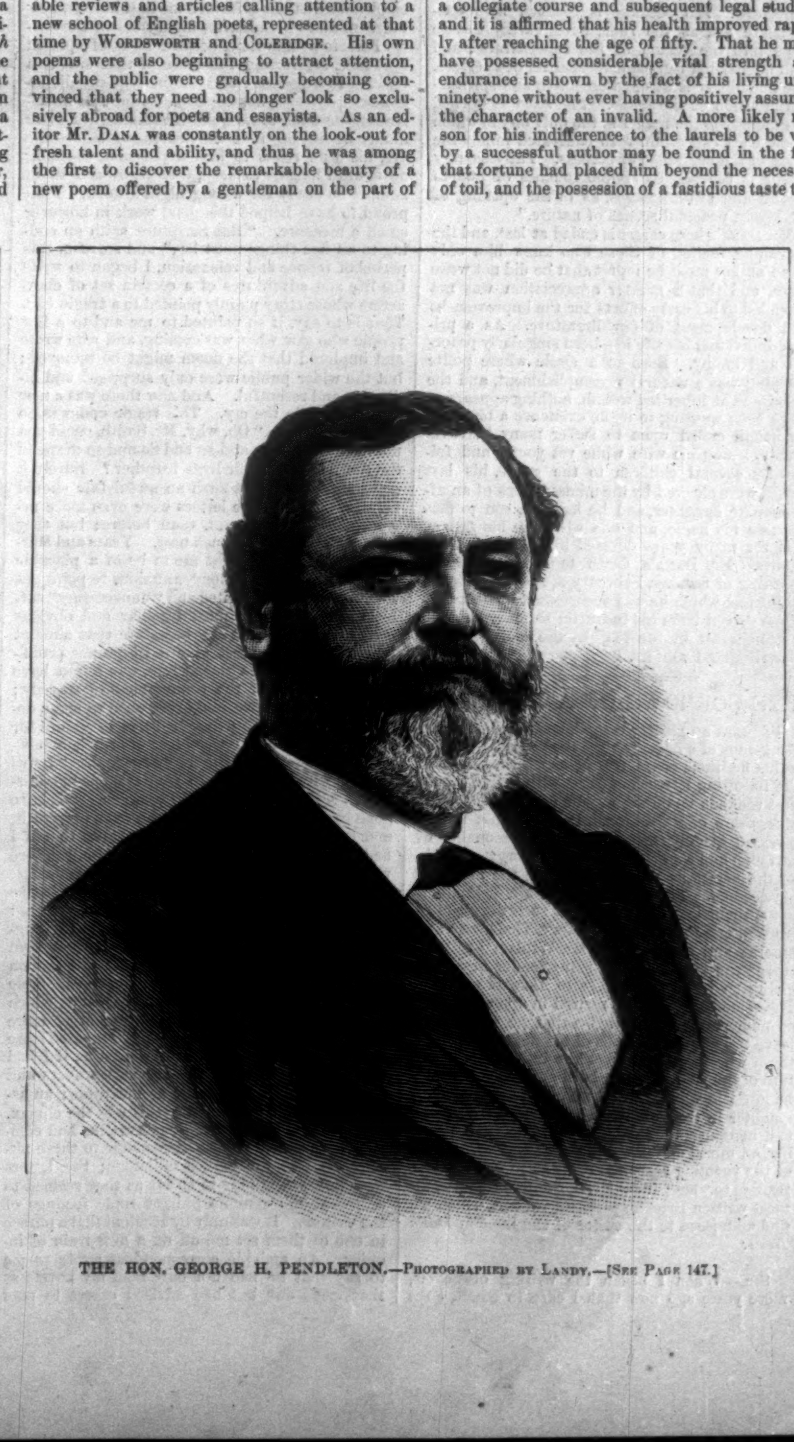
Many causes have been assigned for Mr. DANA'S complete relinquishment of all literary labor at so early a stage of his career, the chief among them being his delicate health. This, however, can scarcely be charged as the whole reason for his withdrawal from all active part in the world of letters. Although far from strong in his youth, he was nevertheless able to endure the strain of a collegiate course and subsequent legal studies, and it is affirmed that his health improved rapidly after reaching the age of fifty. That he must have possessed considerable vital strength and endurance is shown by the fact of his living until ninety-one without ever having positively assumed the character of an invalid. A more likely reason for his indifference to the laurels to be won by a successful author may be found in the fact that fortune had placed him beyond the necessity of toil, and the possession of a fastidious taste that



THE LATE RICHARD H. DANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN.]



THE HON. ORVILLE H. PLATT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH.—[SEE PAGE 147.]



THE HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LANDY.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

forbade his competing for fame on the only level where apparently at the present day it can be won. In his youth Mr. DANA possessed a high ideal as a *littérateur*, and this he endeavored to embody in his publication of *The Idle Man;* and herein, as already suggested, the secret of its untimely fate probably lay. One of his biographers, in speaking of this unfortunate periodical, says: "Six numbers of it were issued, when it was discontinued, the author acquiring the experience, hitherto not uncommon in the higher American literature, that if he would write as a poet and philosopher and publish as a gentleman, he must pay as well as compose." As an essayist Mr. DANA'S style was of the purest, being not only musical in expression, but embodying in the choicest phrases the most elevated sentiments of a thoroughly cultivated soul. About the personages of the stories he produced there was an idyllic grace, while the plots, although essentially dramatic, never degenerated within the remotest range of sensationalism. That such wares as these brought to the literary market might fail of purchasers, and that the writer of them might be induced to lay down his pen in weariness at the obtuseness of his public, is easy of comprehension.

The most remarkable of Mr. DANA'S productions, and the one that will probably live the longest among American literary collections, is one that has already once been forgotten. In 1827 the author, who had recovered somewhat from the disappointment attending the failure of his unfortunate magazine, published a small collection of poems, among which was one called "The Buccaneer." At the time it attracted considerable attention, and added much to the then growing reputation of the writer. But when, about six years ago, it was republished in *Harper's Magazine*, with profuse illustrations, and in a manner calculated to draw attention to its peculiar value as a masterpiece of literary art, some newspaper critics failed to recognize it, and hastened to congratulate Mr. DANA upon the production of a new poem. Yet "The Buccaneer" is one of the most powerful pieces of word-painting in our language, having been justly compared to COLERIDGE'S "Ancient Mariner," the fame of which remains unimpaired. As many of our readers will be interested to see the poem again, we refer them to *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1872, and quote in connection with it the following paragraph relating to the poem, from one who recognized its remarkable power as a picture of human guilt and misery: "'The Buccaneer' is a philosophical poem, a tale of the heart and the conscience. The villainy of the hero, though in remote prospective to the imagination, appeals on that account the more powerfully to the consciousness. His remorse is touched with consummate art, as the rude, hard, earthy nature steps into the region of the supernatural, and with unchanged rigidity embraces its new terrors. The machinery is at once objective and spiritual in the vision of the horse. The story is opened by glimpses to the reader in the only way in which modern art can attain with cultivated minds the effect of the old ballad directness. The visionary horror is relieved by simple touches of human feeling and sweet images, as in the opening of the lovely, peaceful scenes of nature."

Mr. DANA'S long career is ended at last, and the prevailing feeling of those who knew him only as an author must be regret that he did not write more, and that a greater appreciation was not extended to his early efforts for the improvement and development of our literature. As a private individual his life has been singularly peaceful and happy. Born in a circle where polite learning was a natural accomplishment, and the possessor of inherited wealth, nothing appears to have been wanting to make existence a blessing. Although called upon to suffer many bereavements, losing his wife while yet young, and following several children to the grave, his last hours were cheered by the ministrations of an affectionate daughter, and he leaves a son to perpetuate his name, and one who, like his father, has for many years devoted himself to literary labors. Mr. DANA'S death took place on the morning of Sunday, February 2, at his residence in Boston, which he was accustomed to seek only when driven from his beautiful summer home at "Manchester by the sea" by the inclemency of New England winters.

THE SORROWS OF A NOVELIST.

PERHAPS no greater compliment can be paid to the genius of a novelist than the personal interest in his fictitious characters of which the writer of the following letter complains with a fine humor that reminds us of the author of *The Wonderful Adventures of a Phaeton.* It shows that he has invested his characters with the personality of real men and women, and that his story has touched the hearts as well as interested the minds of his readers. The experience of Mr. J. Smith is not without parallels in that of such novelists as Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and others; and very recently Mr. William Black incurred the displeasure of many tender hearts by giving so tragic an ending to *Macleod of Dare.* The remonstrances that poured in upon him were so numerous and so intense that he resolved to leave tragedy entirely out of his next novel; and those who have wept over the inexpressibly sad fate of the young Scotch laird and the lady whom he loved in vain will find nothing but smiles and laughter in the new story—nothing but idleness and nonsense, blue seas, love-making, and shooting, all mixed up together in a charming romance of the yachting season. But we are keeping our readers too long from Mr. J. Smith's (we had almost written Black's) pleasant protest, which we find addressed to the editor of the London *Daily News:*

SIR,—When I began the writing of novels, more years ago now than I care to count, I set out with no more definite intention than that of making my men and women as like as I could to the men and women I had seen and known. As I never had had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a murderer, a forger, or a bigamist, and as it seemed to me that murderers, forgers, and bigamists formed, after all, but a small proportion of the population of this country, I thought it would be at least safer to leave those persons out altogether. But, on the other hand, it never occurred to me that I should be expected to represent the world as consisting exclusively of sugar-plums and orange blossom, that the business of a novelist was to be limited to the patching up of marriages, and that my dearest friends would execrate me for admitting that even good people may occasionally be the victims of apparently quite unnecessary and unrequited suffering. However, for many a day I was left to do as I pleased. I might have made a *Nibelungen* holocaust of the whole of my characters, and the world would not have shuddered one bit. I was allowed to work my own wild will on death-beds or marriages, and nobody seemed to care. Then a change came. I suddenly discovered on what a barrel of dynamite I had been sitting, contentedly kicking my heels. The new story ended tragically. That it must have ended tragically I should have thought any reader would have perceived almost at the outset. However, no sooner was it published than I was appalled at what I had done. The remonstrances, written with an earnestness, with a sense of deep personal injury there was no mistaking, that now poured in on me, would have startled and shocked the least sensitive of persons. I had been looking at the whole thing as a piece of literature; my correspondents appeared to take it as a cruel and gratuitous stirring up of painful recollections of their own domestic calamities. Was there not enough sorrow in the world? "Oh, how could you do so, Mr. Smith?" Well, at that time I was younger than I am now, and had not acquired that callousness to public opinion that comes with years and the reading of Marcus Aurelius. I wrote many letters in reply, and argued and remonstrated in turn. I appealed to the highest literature that has impressed the world; I took shelter behind the highest names; I demanded to know whether, if fiction only dealt with the Rosa-Matilda side of life, it would not be put away from serious consideration altogether. No use. "Oh, how could you do so, Mr. Smith?"

Well, then, accident rather than design took me away from the domain of tragedy for some years after that, and the public and I seemed to get on very well together. There were no more remonstrances, only mild felicitations. One distinguished physiologist has informed me that he even now takes up and re-reads after dinner one of the novels I wrote at this time, because he is of opinion that nice, comforting literature of that sort is a real aid to digestion; and another equally distinguished professor has confided to me that novel-reading he finds to be quite invaluable, for after dinner he lies down on the hearth-rug before the fire, his wife reads to him a pleasant, soothing novel until he goes to sleep, then he awakes in an hour or so ready for a long night's work. I am proud to have helped this good work in however small a measure. "But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be;" and so, after this period of repose and relaxation, I began to write the life and adventures of a certain set of characters whose story plainly pointed to a tragic end. That is to say, it so pointed to me and to a few people who saw what was coming, and who wrote and implored that the doom might be removed; but the wider public were only surprised and indignant and resentful. And now there was a new note audible in the cry. This tragic end was so "unnecessary!" "Oh, why, Mr. Smith, could you not have allowed So-and-so and So-and-so to spend the remainder of their lives together? Surely it was unnecessary that such an awful fate should befall them." These letters were even more urgent, pathetic, indignant, than before; but they did not trouble me so much now. Years and Marcus Aurelius had taught me to be of a placable disposition; I was no longer anxious to point out that apparently unmerited and "unnecessary" suffering is one of the most familiar and obvious facts of life, and that any literature that aims at representing life must give it its proper prominence. The letters themselves, one might have said, were proof of the commonness of tragedy: why the almost invariable reference to some domestic calamity the writer had had to endure for himself or herself? One piece of criticism, however, I am bound to admit was sound. "I will tell you why the ending of your story is unnecessary," said a well-known physician. "I have gone carefully through the case as you present it, and from my diagnosis I feel confident that if I had been called in I could have cured him." There was nothing to be said in answer to that.

After this story—pray forgive me for being so long in coming to the end of the third volume: it is a matter of habit—I fell away from the tragic pitch, greatly to the improvement of my own nervous system, and to the apparent satisfaction of my friends. I will pass over the considerable interval, and come to the third occasion on which I essayed tragedy. Now the clamor arose more loudly than ever, and the reproaches became more severe, because it no doubt appeared as if I had refused to listen to all the previous prayers and pleadings. I was regarded as incurable; an assassin by habit and repute: this was the climax. By this time, however, Marcus Aurelius had completed his work; I was as insensible to these piteous cries as the nether millstone; the letters were interesting only in so far as they seemed to represent the genuine philanthropic feelings of the writers. It was only by accident that a phrase in one of them set me off on a new train of inquiry. An amiable correspondent wrote to me to say that he had not only read my novels as they came out, but had advised others to read them—a most judicious and praiseworthy proceeding on his part. He went on to say, "Of late I have been met with the reply, 'No; they are too miserable.' Why is this? Why should you make them all end so sorrowfully?" The little word "all" somewhat startled me. I began to reckon up. During my fourteen years of novel-writing I had written in all eleven novels; three of these had ended tragically. Was it possible, I was forced to ask myself, that out of the whole eleven novels only those three which had ended tragically had remained in the memory? I went back and bethought myself of those three tidal waves of correspondence. Was I right, after all, in my juvenile retort that tragedy was the only form of literature that firmly impressed itself on the mind? And the more I recalled of the pleadings put forward by those remonstrants the more it became clear that the "happy-ending" novels of the series had been entirely forgotten, except when some hard-working man of science wanted to put himself to sleep on the hearth-rug. And if all this were so, what was the obvious conclusion that had to be drawn?

At present, Sir, I am somewhat bewildered by this discovery. It seems hard that my eight orange-blossom novels should be wholly forgotten, or should survive only as a soporific. It seems strange that the people who protest against tragedy should remember only the three tragic ones. And as regards my future work? Just now, for example, I am engaged in the composition of a story the characters in which have really nothing awful or tragic about them. They and I get on very well; we have had some fine excursions together; I should like to part on good terms with them. But I am driven to ask whether, in order to insure that they shall remain for at least one year in the memory of my readers, I may not, after all, have to set to work at the end of the third volume and *Nibelungen* them into nothing.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. SMITH.

WASHINGTON'S PRECOCITY; HIS DEATH.

THE youth of WASHINGTON was one of the most precocious of which we have any record; his great qualities seem almost innate. His father died when he was still a child; his mother, left with a large family and slender means of support, could give him little education. He was brought up in poverty, sent to a common country school, and scarcely learned to read and write. In spelling he was always inaccurate. He read little, knew none of the learned languages, could never even master French. A tall, grave, awkward boy, he probably labored on his mother's farm, was plainly dressed, knew none of the elegances and refinements of literary culture, was surpassed by all his contemporaries of eminence in knowledge of the world and books. JEFFERSON, an accomplished scholar, was always an author, a man of letters; he had followed at college the usual studies of the time, had read POPE and mastered SWIFT and ADDISON. To JOHN ADAMS, the poor student and teacher, the charm of letters was early familiar, a solace, a source of strength. Still more with PINCKNEY, RUTLEDGE, CARROLL, MORRIS, SAMUEL ADAMS, HANCOCK, a learned education seemed a necessity, and all the chief leaders of the republicans in Congress were excellent scholars. FRANKLIN was almost the master of science, LEE an author, HENRY an orator. But to the young WASHINGTON came none of those advantages of instruction and study that seemed in that age even more than at present the first requisite of an able politician; no learned professor taught him the charm of classic letters, no regular discipline was enforced upon him by a college life; no library lay open to him, no books, lectures, popular instruction. He was himself his only teacher; he began almost as a child to lay down a plan of conduct founded upon the golden rule of duty; he would be humane, grave, polite, respectful, patient. It is impossible that any thing should be more complete than these rules for the formation of a great character that shall also be a good one, and WASHINGTON at thirteen almost foreshadows himself. No one can tell whence he took them, from what book or author. They conclude: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." But the student of MARCUS ANTONINUS can not doubt their source.

He was six feet high, strong, well formed, of a fine expression, and diffident manners. Modesty he always felt and showed; he knew, no doubt, his own inferiority in scholarship, and at last regretted it. But to one branch of knowledge his mind turned instinctively—he studied mathematics with success, became a good draughtsman; learned regularity, precision; won that philosophical order in his life, language, conduct, that neither ADAMS nor JEFFERSON, excellent scholars, could attain. From early youth his mind acted with mathematical precision; philosophy, religion, ruled his heart. His passions were violent, and sometimes overleaped the boundaries by which he would confine them. His temper was stormy. He loved, and wrote lines to his unknown fair that are intolerable; he sighed, he plead; but philosophy and composure soon returned, and his heart was not one easily broken. Possibly, had he married the dark-eyed mistress of his youth, he might have been happier and less renowned, but freedom would have wanted its preserver, the world its favorite example. WASHINGTON at thirteen kept his journal, studied geometry, was fond of writing out business forms, and even selections of poetry. It is said his selections are not good; it is only wonderful that at such an age he could have selected them at all. But we may discover already in all his boyish exercises the neatness, regularity, minute labor, that in all his later life only rose to fresh exactness. For his amusement he surveyed the fields around the school-house he attended; he entered all his results formally in his book—the squares, plots, calculations.

A life of hardship, toil, obscurity, seemed his only prospect when, in his seventeenth year, he was selected by Lord FAIRFAX to measure his immense domains in the Alleghany valleys; yet that he should be chosen for so important a duty shows what confidence and respect he had already won from those around him. What boy of sixteen in these lower times would be selected to measure the wilds of Dakota, and fix the boundaries of the unknown wilderness! But WASHINGTON set out amidst the melting snows of spring, the rocks, the wilds, and completed the survey with his usual accuracy. He was made a public surveyor, and at seventeen was already famous in his profession. At an age when JEFFERSON was conning his Cicero at college, JOHN ADAMS teaching unruly boys at Worcester, when POPE had just printed his pastorals, when JOHNSON was an ungainly student, WASHINGTON had taught himself a trade, an art, and was already earning a laborious support. He was already distinguished for his virtue, his native strength, his industry, and his gains were large. At nineteen he was made an adjutant-general of the Virginia militia, to inspect and discipline them; his salary was considerable, the position important; he filled it well. Next his brother LAWRENCE dies, and WASHINGTON at twenty—such was still his precocity—was left the manager of an extensive property and of Mount Vernon, of which he became afterward the heir. At twenty, appointed a commissioner by the Governor, he made his way through hardships almost intolerable to meet the French officials in the wilderness, was drenched with rains, half frozen amidst the snows of the Alleghanies or in the chill crossings of the rivers, pursued, in danger, yet fulfilled his duty. At twenty-two was a lieutenant-colonel of the Virginia forces, the wise counsellor of the unlucky BRADDOCK, the preserver of the flying troops.

His tall figure, his powerful frame, were hardened and grew full of nerve in the painful duties of his early life. Yet his health was evidently shaken; he was sometimes seriously ill; he seems to have had some tendency to the disease that carried off his half-brother at an early age; he was subject to throat and lung complaints; at last he died of a severe cold. But in youth and age his rare composure, his usual prudence, preserved all his physical vigor. His mind, his body, were equally strong; neither ever failed him. His calmness was so great that later ages have sometimes forgot to see that beneath it glowed the fiery ardor of a hero. One would scarcely attribute to WASHINGTON the heroic despair of genius. Yet how often did he display it when climbing the mountain in the midst of the savages; commanding at Boston without powder, sometimes men; in mad desperation at New York; in crossing the icy Delaware, the most daring action of the war! It was the stern restraint exercised by WASHINGTON over his fierce, ardent passions that distinguishes him from the common conqueror—his benevolence, justice, firmness, his devotion to his mother, his wife, his friends. Once more love had pierced his heart and wounded it. His second attachment, to Miss MARY PHILLIPS, a New York lady, was apparently sufficiently strong to give him the uneasiness of a lover. He lingered; he confided his secret to a friend. But Miss PHILLIPS married Major MORRIS, an English officer, one of WASHINGTON'S companions in arms, and the young provincial was disappointed. He was only twenty-four. At twenty-six he paid his addresses to that fair and stately widow whom he has made one of the noted women of the age. She was amiable, wealthy, intelligent; WASHINGTON had inherited Mount Vernon, and here he might have lived in opulence and ease had not the claims of his country driven him to action. He chose rather to live and die for his fellowmen, and with his usual grave composure exposed his fortune to confiscation, his head to the traitor's block, his honor to the risk of chance and fate. Had he failed, an utter ruin, a perfect reverse, waited upon his remarkable prosperity. Of success he might often despair. It was in these moments of self-sacrifice that WASHINGTON rises to heroic greatness.

One sees him striding onward among the lesser men around him, the vain, ambitious, envious, cruel, always composed, unselfish, manly, incapable of the petty impulses that have too often disturbed the greatest minds, always observing the rules of conduct he had laid down for himself at thirteen, always religious, hopeful, active. His ancestors had been Cavaliers, the devoted adherents of CHARLES I.; WASHINGTON became a republican, took up arms against an unjust king. He calls CROMWELL a usurper, but followed him to the limit of a just resistance. When some one proposed to make him a king, he repelled the offer with indignation. He emancipated his slaves at his death; he insists upon the measure with singular fervor; he enjoins it "most pointedly and solemnly" upon his executors; it is plain that he would have been among the first to enforce universal emancipation. Education he thought the foundation of liberty. It is sometimes supposed that WASHINGTON was inclined to the feudal form of government, was the friend of caste and aristocracy, a rigid observer of the ceremonial and unreal, fond of official state and splendor. It is a signal error. His hard and painful youth had taught him republicanism and democracy; his precocious mind saw all the weakness of the Oriental fictions of personal disparity. ADAMS and HAMILTON might sigh for titles, privilege, an artificial superiority to their fellow-men, but WASHINGTON'S clearer intellect dismissed their suggestions without consideration. Official distinction wearied him. He was fond neither of fame nor power. He was honest to a high degree. When one of his acquaintances at Morristown had paid his debts in depreciated paper, which was then legal tender, WASHINGTON refused to speak to him. It is easy to see that, were he to come again, he

would be the firmest advocate of national honesty. He was equally the foe of disunion and rebellion; he repressed disorder with JACKSON'S firmness, LINCOLN'S truth. Had the Southern States possessed many WASHINGTONS—perhaps one—they would never have risen in revolt. Republican virtue came to him as the result of his healthful mind and body, his early labors, his later self-sacrifice; he was in all things a republican, pure, honorable, polite, generous, looking only to the welfare of the country, the people, and for theirs always willing to sacrifice his own.

His death was like his life, composed, calm; his peculiar organization dissolved with no mental disturbance. He caught cold, felt that he must die, bore pain with silent resolution, and was suffocated by a quick inflammation. To a friend he said: "I find that I am going. My breath can not last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal." He was filled with gratitude for the kind attention of those around him; his goodness, benevolence, appeared for the last time. A few minutes before his death he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" he said to his friend, who replied, "Yes." He said, "'Tis well." He expired without a struggle or a sigh. It was the graceful flight of one of the noblest spirits that have lived upon the earth to the golden mansions of eternal peace; he seemed to spread his wings and fly easily away. It is only eighty years ago, yet already much that WASHINGTON had taught himself, and would have taught all his countrymen, they have learned in part, and will still learn more. He was not an avowed teacher; he was always modest, silent, thoughtful. But upon all the chief elements of republican progress he never failed to speak with clearness. He knew that republicanism meant religion, knowledge, honesty, labor; that it was something new amidst the mighty powers of feudalism, a classic thought once more restored to mankind. He would have schools every where; he founded churches, planned canals and roads, foresaw the greatness of the advancing West, foretold the future of his country. He would make all his countrymen, of whatever race or creed, republicans and Americans. He lived in the future; he would throw off the dead, decaying past. It is not in Europe but America that men like WASHINGTON are born.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

HON. ORVILLE H. PLATT.

THE new Republican United States Senator from Connecticut, elected to succeed Mr. BARNUM, is the son of one of the original abolitionists of that State. He was born in Washington, Litchfield County, and is now about fifty-one years old. A lawyer by profession, he ranks among the ablest advocates in the State, is a very eloquent political speaker, and a Republican of the most earnest convictions. Mr. PLATT'S first public service was as clerk of the State Senate in 1856. In 1862 he was a member of the Senate, and in 1864 and 1869 of the House, of which, during his last term, he was Speaker. In writing of Senator PLATT, his late competitor, General HAWLEY, said in the Hartford *Courant*: "He is a gentleman of most honorable character, sound in judgment, well-balanced mind, familiarity with political affairs, and much sagacity in conducting them. He is sound in principle, an antislavery man, and a Republican from his boyhood, a good hard-money man, and sure to have convictions and follow them." In person Senator PLATT, whose portrait is given on page 145, is tall and robust, and his bearing is dignified and commanding.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

THE Democratic successor to the Hon. STANLEY MATTHEWS in the United States Senate was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1825. He is a lawyer by profession, and has led an active political life, serving twice in the State Senate, and through several terms in the United States House of Representatives. In 1864 he was the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, on the ticket with General M'CLELLAN. Mr. PENDLETON also served as a delegate to the Philadelphia National Union Convention of 1866. He is a man of considerable ability both as a lawyer and a politician, and an eloquent and persuasive speaker. His portrait is given on page 145.

SHOOTING CATTLE AT AN INDIAN AGENCY.

OUR double-page engraving represents a stirring scene at an Indian agency—the shooting of Texas cattle in a corral. This takes place every ten days, and the Indians look upon it as splendid sport. The cattle belonging to the agency are secured in a large corral, and several Indians, selected by the agent, and armed with repeating rifles, are stationed at different points around the inclosure to shoot down the imprisoned herd. Others take positions on the fence, and with arrows and tomahawks excite the cattle to fury. The Indians grow wild with the sport, and fire so recklessly that the position of the spectators often becomes dangerous. Stray bullets sometimes whiz in unpleasant proximity to their ears, and fatal accidents are known to have occurred on these occasions.

When all the cattle have been shot down there is a grand rush for tongues, each Indian being allowed to keep as many as he can secure. The scene is indescribable. Armed with sharp knives, and howling like a crowd of demons, the savages rush pell-mell over the prostrate bodies, cutting out the tongues with two dexterous strokes. Sometimes, however, a wounded steer will suddenly bound to its feet and send its tormentors flying through the air.

As shown in our picture, these shootings are attended by large crowds of Indians. In the lower right-hand corner of the sketch stands a pony with a "travois," the body of which is formed of light branches curved into a rough circle, and fastened by a net-work of rawhide. This rude vehicle is attached to the pony's saddle by means of poles. It is loaded with the usual outfit of Indian domestic utensils—a water-keg, a kettle, and a tea-cup. On the saddle hangs a drinking cup. On another "travois" in our sketch sits a squaw helping a child build a miniature tepee, or tent—an amusement at which Indian children play as white children build block houses. Next comes a Catholic priest from the school at the post. Just beyond him an Indian has picked up a dog that has been shot by a stray bullet from the corral, and the crowd is hastily scattering from the dangerous neighborhood. In the centre we see a couple of dogs harnessed to a "travois," and near them a pony loaded with willow twigs to be used in packing the meat. An army officer has just driven up to the scene on a "buckboard," the swell equipage of an Indian post. The sketches described were made by Mr. ROGERS at Standing Rock Agency.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the various branches of natural history no one involves so many series of publications and such costly ones as that relating to the birds; no other, indeed, furnishes so admirable subjects for the pencil and the engraver. Magnificent works on the natural history of different countries, by AUDUBON, WILSON, BUONAPARTE, GOULD, and others, have been long known, and of late years a series of illustrated monographs of particular families has appeared embodying the highest style of art.

The works on the humming-birds, trogons, toucans, American partridges, etc., by Mr. GOULD, on the pheasants, grouse, thrushes, etc., by Mr. ELLIOTT, and on the woodpecker, by MALHERBE, are now to be succeeded by a manuscript on the jackamas and puff-birds—a notable group of South American birds—by Dr. P. L. SCLATER. This will be issued in seven parts, royal quarto, each of from eight to ten plates and the accompanying letterpress. The figures will be drawn by KEULMAN, one of the most eminent of modern artists.

Mr. FLAMMARION, the well-known popular writer upon astronomy and kindred subjects, is now obtaining funds for the purpose of organizing a free observatory on the plan of those existing in England. It is proposed to have the most powerful instrument which the funds contributed will furnish, and especially intended for the physical investigation of the planets, particularly the moon.

Mr. FLAMMARION remarks that it is not proved that the moon is a dead planet, and that the progress of optics is now such as to justify a serious investigation for traces of life upon it, so as to settle what opinion should be held on the question of the habitability of the moon.

Among the most efficient of the small corps of co-workers with Mr. CLARENCE KING in his great survey of the geology, metallurgy, etc., of the fortieth parallel, the report of which, embracing six large folio volumes and a large quarto atlas, has just been published, was Mr. ARNOLD HAGUE, who, after completing his work with Mr. KING, entered the service of the government of Guatemala as mining engineer and geologist. Subsequently, after completing his contract with that government, he was engaged by the government of China to proceed to the northern part of that country for the purpose of investigating the gold, silver, and other mines in that region. Mr. HAGUE has completed his preliminary arrangements, and is about entering upon his field of labor.

One of the most interesting discoveries made by Professor MARSH was that of an order of reptilians closely allied in every respect to the pterodactyls of the Old World, but without any teeth, the jaws being probably horny, resembling those of gigantic birds.

Another case of the same relationship has been recently brought to light by Professor MARSH, in the discovery of an order of reptiles nearly allied to the ichthyosaurus, but, as in the case just mentioned, destitute of teeth. The vertebræ, ribs, and other portions of the skeleton preserved can not be distinguished from the corresponding parts of the ichthyosaurus, and many features of the skull show a striking resemblance. There is the same huge orbit defended by bony plates, but the jaws have neither sockets nor grooves in the skulls, which would seem to indicate that teeth were entirely wanting.

A new order has been established by Professor MARSH for this animal, to which he has given the name of *Sauranodontidæ*. Its geological horizon is in the Jurassic. The single specimen known is about eight feet long.

Serious complaints have been made in regard to the administration of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, the great natural history establishment of France, and a commission has been appointed for the purpose of reorganizing it, which will doubtless result in restoring it in a considerable measure to its former position as one of the foremost in the world.

Professor TURNER, in referring to occasional visits of the sperm-whale to the coast of Europe, calls attention to some interesting old engravings representing the pursuit and capture of this animal in earlier times. One of these pictures represents a whaling scene in the port of Ancona in 1601, and there are several illustrations of the stranding of these whales in the Netherlands. In 1784 a school of over thirty was beached in the department of Finisterre, and another school was seen in the Adriatic in 1853.

The number of zoological stations on the seacoast for the prosecution of researches into the natural history of the marine animals appears to be increasing, the latest addition to them being one started at the University of Vienna at Trieste, under the directorship of Dr. CLAUS. This establishment is in connection with a similar station in Vienna, and the report of the investigations of the two has been published conjointly by Dr. CLAUS in Part I. of the Memoirs. This embraces several articles upon the anatomy, physiology, and development of the crustaceans, sharks, the torpedo, etc.

Professor BROOKS, of the Johns Hopkins University, is still continuing his course of instruction to teachers in elementary zoology. Some particular form of animal life, such as the earthworm, the leech, etc., is taken as the subject of each series of lectures. A minute analysis is published beforehand of all the points of external and internal anatomy and general structure to which attention is to be especially directed.

A new volume, Vol. 4, of the *Botanical Gazette*, published at Madison, Indiana, by Messrs. COULTER, announces some new features, including a considerable extension of size. This work, in connection with the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, is now an important organ of communication between botanists in reference to discoveries of new species and localities, as well as botanical information generally.

In 1875 the Secretary of the Treasury applied to the Secretary of War for assistance in the prosecution of experiments for the purpose of improving the life-saving apparatus used by the Treasury Department, and then under the charge of Captain J. H. MERRIAM, of the Revenue Marine, requesting that an officer be designated to assist Captain MERRIAM in the selection or invention of suitable ordnance to carry a line to or from a vessel in distress, for the purpose of saving life or property on board.

A series of experiments was prosecuted at Sandy Hook under the direction of a board of officers, but subsequently Lieutenant LYLE, of the Ordnance, was detailed to continue the investigations and carry them to a satisfactory determination. This has been done, and the result presented in an elaborate report, which forms part of the report of the Chief of Ordnance for 1878.

No claim of great originality is made for the apparatus which has been selected for the use of the American Life-saving Service, as, like nearly all others, it is a duplicate of the system of Captain MANBY, which dates from the beginning of the present century. Many details have been added, and the entire system is considered by far the most perfect employed by any nation.

The report of Lieutenant LYLE, made to the Chief of Ordnance, is very elaborate, and embraces a general history of all that has been done, of the various apparatus employed, atmospheric and other circumstances that are likely to affect action, etc. The experiments upon the influence of the pressure and velocity of the wind are of special importance. The different forms of apparatus referred to are to a greater or less extent from Captain MANBY'S devices, as PARROTT'S mortar, HUNT'S projectile, and the life-saving rockets. A series of fifty-four plates illustrates in full all the matters considered in the report.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

MR. SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE has turned the rude materials to be found in the early colonial history of New England to excellent account in his *Captain Nelson*, a recent volume of "Harper's Library of American Fiction." Intensely interesting as a romance, full of stirring adventure and incident, the story presents a vivid picture of what may be called the heroic age of New England, when the sturdy English settlers waged almost constant warfare with their French and Indian foes, and prepared the way for that fiercer struggle that resulted in the independence of the colonies. *Captain Nelson* is a novel which both young and old will read with pleasure.

Under the care of the Librarian of Congress there are now, according to the report made in January, no less than 352,655 volumes of books, besides about 120,000 pamphlets. During the past year the number of books added were 21,537, and 11,669 pamphlets, with about 2344 maps and charts. This great library is steadily and rapidly increasing, not only by donation, exchange, and purchase, but by copyright deposits. There is not a library in the world approximating to the size of this which has not at least twice as much room for its accommodation. And the indefatigable Librarian very justly and feelingly remarks that "the problem of administering so extensive a collection within such narrow and unsuitable quarters has become increasingly intricate, and, it may be added, distressing." The accumulating volumes crowd the alcoves and overflow upon the floors of that part of the Capitol devoted to the library. Temporary storage for a few thousand foreign documents and copyright deposits less frequently used has been obtained in the dark unused apartments beneath the Capitol; but this resource is at last exhausted, and frequently there are absolutely no seats for those who come there to consult the books. The Librarian expresses the earnest hope that Congress will make immediate provision for beginning a work indispensable and long delayed, namely, the erection of a suitable Library building.

From the late report of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children some sad facts are gathered. During the year ending December 31, 1878, 6950 children under sixteen years of age were brought before the police courts of this city. Many of these were arrested for serious crimes. No less than 729 were under seven years of age, and a majority were under fourteen. The society, on account of its restricted means, was able to attend to only about 800 of these cases.

A judicial reform is likely to take place in England by the probable Parliamentary enactment of a new criminal code, the compilation of Sir James Stephen. In a book of 170 pages he has admirably condensed the whole criminal law of England. The author has aimed to relieve the law of those forms and technicalities which, though originally intended to protect the innocent, often shield the guilty. At present 1800 volumes of statutes are required to contain the country's laws, with the innumerable modifications which centuries have interpolated, while 100,000 additional volumes are devoted to the illumination of the statutes by decisions and precedents.

A tragic death occurred in the Church of St. Francis Xavier in this city not long ago. The church was crowded with a brilliant assemblage to witness the marriage of a happy young couple. The bridal party had taken their places before the altar, and the priest—Rev. Alphonsus P. Pelletier—was in the midst of the ceremony, when suddenly his voice faltered, and he fell to the floor. He was removed to the vestry, but life was extinct. He had died of heart-disease. Meanwhile the young couple, not understanding the fatal significance of the priest's failing voice, calmly waited until another clergyman appeared and completed the interrupted ceremony, and then the bridal party and the guests and witnesses left the church, not knowing that the priest lay lifeless in his sacerdotal robes.

Between five hundred and one thousand volumes have been added within the past year to the Law Library in the Equitable Building.

Less than a year ago a Boston firm began to can codfish balls. A method had been discovered by which minced fish and potatoes could be so canned as to retain very perfectly the original flavor. The demand for these fish-balls has so increased that the firm has not been able to supply the market, and is preparing to enlarge its manufactory.

Since steam-engines have been brought into requisition in the work of storing ice it takes but a few days to fill even the largest house. This year the weather has been very propitious, and in the height of the season it is estimated that not less than 300,000 tons a day were stored. It is expected the whole harvest will amount to about 3,000,000 tons; and as the quality of the ice is excellent, there seems to be a pleasant certainty that during the coming summer there will be an abundance of ice at a moderate cost.

South America is suffering an epidemic of small-pox. In some parts of Brazil the mortality from the disease has been fearful. Famine, also, is rapidly diminishing the population of certain sections.

An outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in some parts of England has caused various regulations and restrictions to be instituted in regard to the importation of them from this country. A cargo from Portland, Ontario, lately shipped to Liverpool, was inspected, condemned, and slaughtered.

A bust of Charles Kingsley has been placed in Chester Cathedral.

It is the popular belief that malarial diseases are constantly increasing in New York city, but statistics show that since 1872 the virulence of malaria has been much modified.

Fifteen barrels of apples were never more quickly disposed of than the other day when they were distributed to the 2500 school-children of Joliet, Illinois. The children and their teachers were taken out for a sleigh-ride in about four hundred cutters, and had a grand time. The apples were distributed as a part of the entertainment.

There have been 810 English authors named Smith whose full names are known. How many are John Smiths?

Throughout Europe precautionary measures are being taken to prevent the spread of the much-dreaded plague. A special Governor-General has been appointed over the stricken districts, and he has full power to adopt stringent measures. Orders have been issued for the burning of Wetlianka and other infected villages where it may be thought necessary for the protection of the inhabitants.

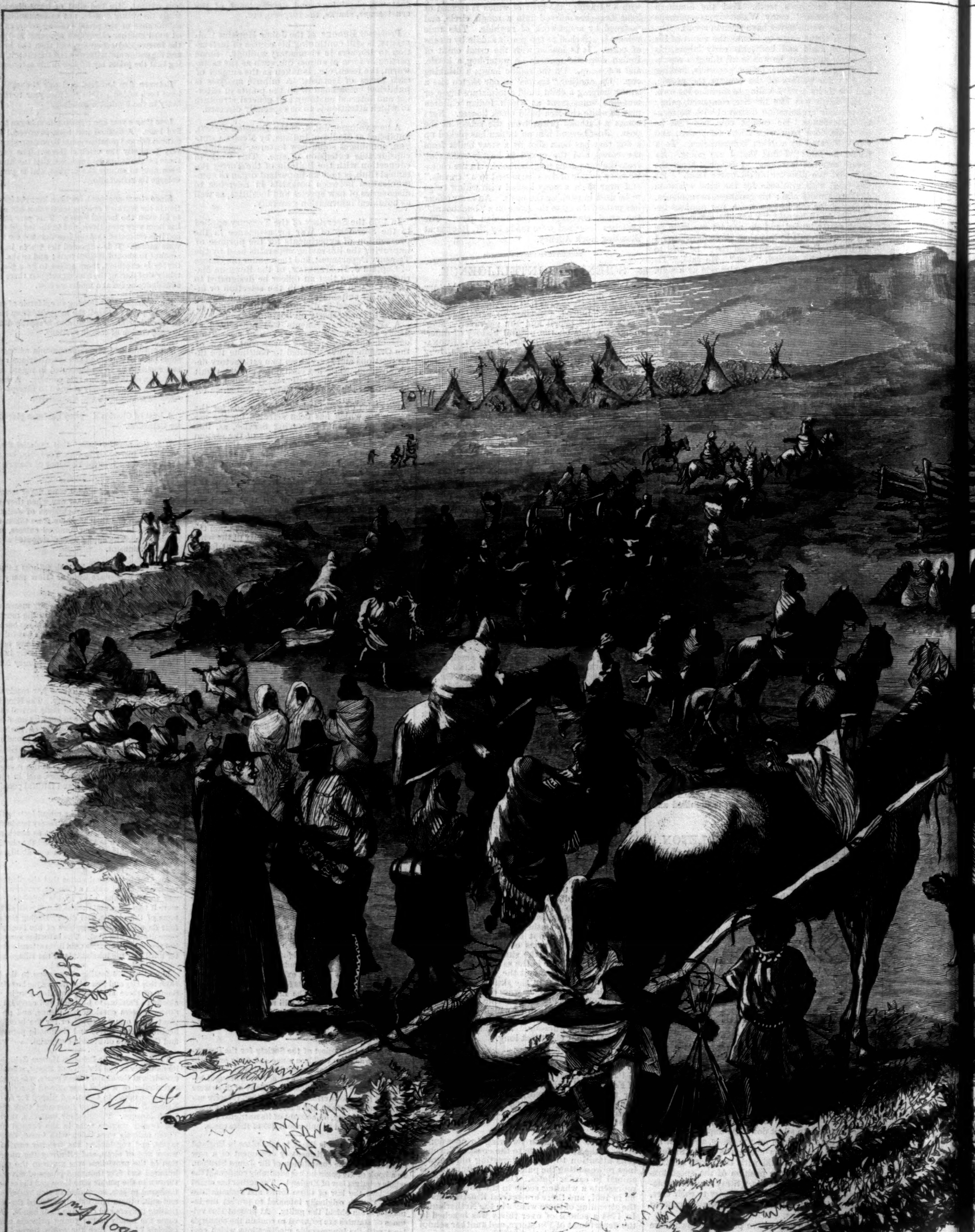
The young Queen of Holland has received a warm welcome in the Dutch territory. The King is reported to have addressed her on their arrival at home in the following enthusiastic words: "I am delighted to be able to welcome your Majesty on the soil of the Netherlands. Your Majesty may be proud of the reception with which you have met. As King of Holland, I am deeply moved. Your Majesty may rest assured that no queen on earth is at this moment richer than you are in love, in honors, and in attachment from a famous, honorable, and faithful people. Long live the Queen of Holland!"

A physician remarked in a recent lecture that "rest was one of the first remedies in every headache." The brain, when excited, needs quiet as much as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and the chances of arresting the pain depend upon our ability to secure this.

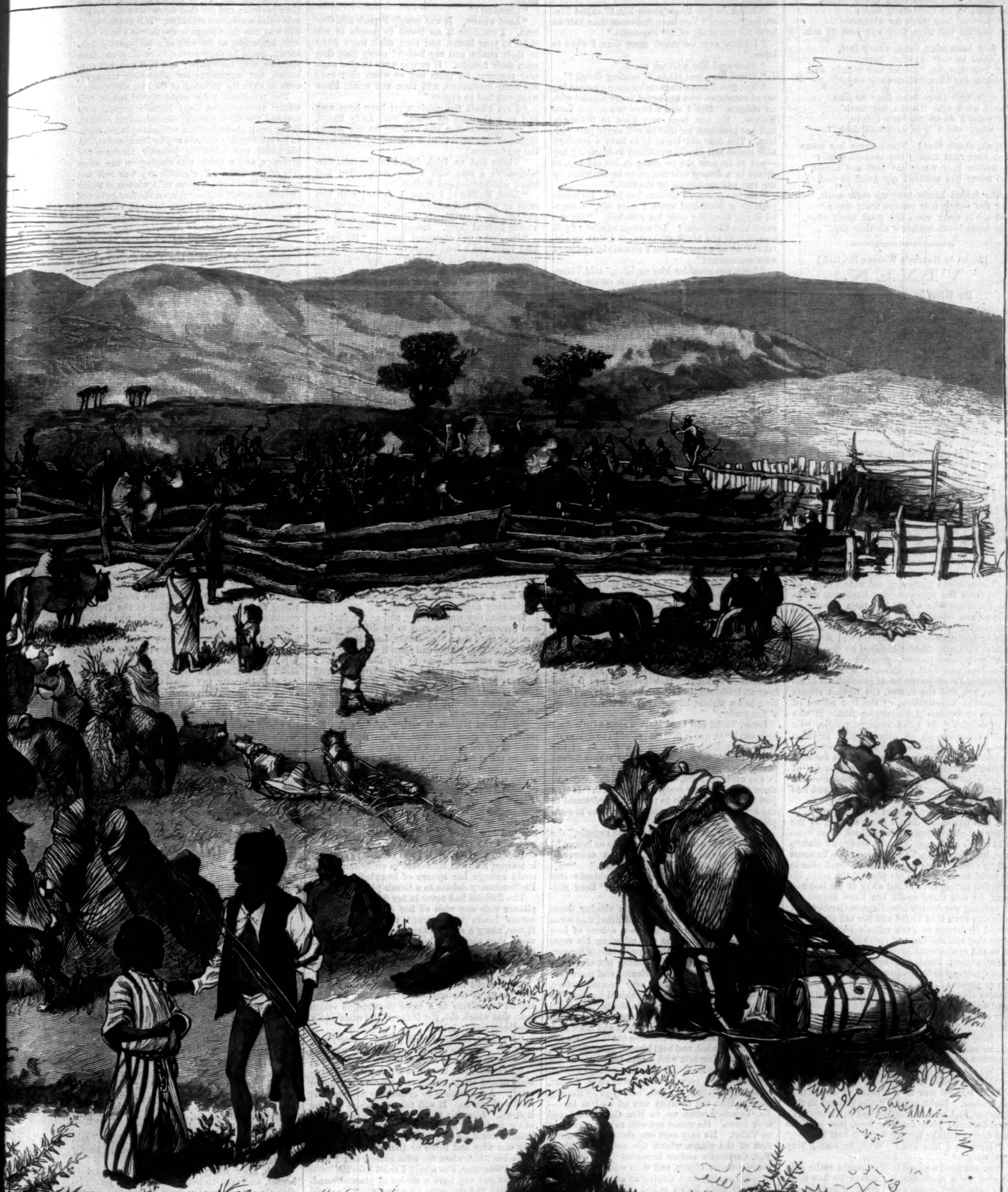
An Austrian journal states that the plague originated from a shawl which a Cossack, returning from the war to Wetlianka, gave to his lady-love. The girl wore it two days, and then sickened with all the symptoms of the plague, and died. During the following four days the other members of her family took the same disease, and died. The infection spread rapidly, but the local authorities paid little attention to the matter until half the inhabitants of the village had died.

More than 200 families have gone to the far South from this city and Brooklyn during the last six months. Some of these are thrifty working people, who go chiefly to Florida—to buy land and carry on farming; others possess considerable means, and go there to plant large orange groves, or for the benefit of their health. Consumptive and rheumatic persons usually find the climate of Florida congenial.

The funeral of the Princess Hanem Zeinub, a favorite daughter of the Khedive of Egypt, who died at Alexandria, at the age of fifteen years, was attended with ceremonies of a most magnificent description. The body was taken to Cairo and placed for a time in the Kasr-el-Nil palace. The interment took place in the Rilah Mosque. Twenty-four bullocks, thirty camels, and twenty wagons were in the funeral procession. These animals were laden with bread, dates, cooked meats, and vegetables; the wagons carried casks of water and of sirup, and all along the route distribution of the provisions was made to the poor. Four hundred and fifty thousand pieces of silver coin were thrown to the people who thronged the street. Three thousand priests, some clad in rich vestments of gold and silk, others half naked, followed the wagons, repeating prayers and clapping their hands. After them came the family of the young princess and the high officials of state, then the coffin, borne by officers of rank. Behind this walked three eunuchs bearing on golden shovels copies of the Koran, to be buried with the deceased. The coffin was of simple rough-hewn wood, and upon it were placed the jewels of the princess, worth a million and a half of dollars. After the burial the priests slaughtered the twenty-four bullocks before the mosque, roasted them, and ate them. They then remained for seven days in the neighborhood of the grave, to pray for the soul of the departed.



SHOOTING CATTLE AT STANDING ROCK INDIAN AGENCY



NDIA AGENCY.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 147.]

HELP.

My hands have often been weary hands,
Too tired to do their daily task;
And just to fold them for evermore
Has seemed the boon that was best to ask.

My feet have often been weary feet,
Too tired to walk another day;
And I've thought, "To sit and calmly wait
Is better far than the onward way."

My eyes with tears have been so dim
That I have said, "I can not mark
The work I do or the way I take,
For every where it is dark—so dark!"

But, oh, thank God! There never has come
That hour that makes the bravest quail:
No matter how weary my feet and hands,
God never has suffered my *heart* to fail.

So the folded hands take up their work,
And the weary feet pursue their way;
And all is clear when the good heart cries,
"Be brave!—to-morrow's another day."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RORIE OBJECTS TO DUETS.

MRS. CARMICHAEL'S little dinner went off smoothly and pleasantly, as all such entertainments had done under the new *régime*. The captain knew how to select his guests as well as he knew how to compose a *menu*. People felt pleased with themselves and with their neighbors at his table. There was nothing heavy in the dinner or in the conversation; there were no long sittings over old port or particular claret. The wines were of the first quality, but there was no fuss made about them. Colonel Carteret remembered how he and the squire had sat prosing over their port or Château Margaux, and felt as if he were living in a new world—a world in which full-blooded friendship and boisterous hospitality were out of fashion. People whose talk had hitherto been intensely local, confined for the most part to petty sessions, commoners' rights, hunting, and the parish church and schools, found themselves discussing the widest range of topics, from the prospect of a European war—that European war which has been impending more or less distinctly for the last twenty years—to the latest social scandal in the upper currents of London society. Captain and Mrs. Carmichael's country friends, inspired by one or two clever young men just imported from the London clubs, were surprised to discover how well they were able to criticise the latest productions in literature, art, and the drama, the newest results of scientific investigation, or the last record of African or Central Asian exploration. It was quite delightful to quiet country people, who went to London on an average once in three years, to find themselves talking so easily about the last famous picture, the latest action for libel in artistic circles, or the promised adaptation of Sardou's last comedy at a West End theatre—just as glibly as if they knew all about art, and had read every play of Sardou's.

Roderick Vawdrey enjoyed himself wonderfully at this particular dinner party so long as the dinner lasted, for Captain Carmichael, by an oversight which made him inwardly savage all dinner-time, had placed Mr. Vawdrey and Miss Tempest side by side. There had been some confusion in his mind as he finished his plan of the table, his attention having been called away at the last moment, or this thing could not have happened; for nothing was farther from Captain Carmichael's intention than that Violet and her old playfellow should be happy in each other's society. And there they sat, smiling and sparkling at each other in the exuberance of youth and high spirits, interchanging little confidential remarks that were doubtless to the disparagement of some person or persons in the assembly. If dark electric glances shot from the covert of bent brows could have slain those two happy triflers, assuredly neither of them would have lived to the end of that dinner.

"How do you like him?" asked Rorie, stooping to sniff at the big Marshal Neil bud in the specimen glass by his plate.

"Whom?"

"The man who has Bullfinch."

Lord Mallow was in the place of honor next his hostess. Involuntarily Violet glanced in that direction, and was startled to find the Irishman's good-humored gaze meeting hers, just as if he had been watching her for the last half hour.

"How do I like him? Well, he seems very good-natured."

"Seems good-natured! You ought to be able to give me a more definite answer by this time. You have lived in the same house with him—let me see, is it three or four days since he came?"

"He has been here nearly a week."

"A week! Why, then you must know him as well as if he were your brother. There is no man living who could keep himself dark for a week. No; I don't believe the most inscrutable of men, born and bred in diplomatic circles, could keep the secret of a solitary failing from the eyes of those who live under the same roof with him for seven days. It would leak out somehow—if not at breakfast, at dinner. Man is a communicative animal, and so loves talking of himself that, if he has committed murder, he must tell somebody about it sooner or later. And as to that man," continued Rorie, with a contemptuous glance at the single-minded Lord Mallow, "he is a creature whom the merest beginner in the study of humanity would know by heart in half an hour."

"What do you know about him?" asked Vixen, laughing. "You have had more than half an hour for the study of his character."

"I know ever so much more than I want to know."

"Answered like a Greek oracle."

"What, have you taken to reading Greek?"

"No; but I know the oracles were a provoking set of creatures who answered every inquiry with an enigma. But I won't have you abuse Lord Mallow. He has been very kind to Bullfinch, and has promised me that he will never part with him. The dear old horse is to have a comfortable stable and kindly treatment to his dying day—not to be sent out to grass in his old age, to shiver in a dreary solitude, or to be scorched by the sun and tormented by the flies."

"He has promised all that, has he? He would promise a good deal more, I dare say," muttered Rorie, stooping over his rose-bud. "Do you think him handsome? Do women admire a fresh complexion and black whiskers, and that unmistakable air of a hair-dresser's wax model endowed with animation?"

"I see you consider him an idiot," said Vixen, laughing. "But I assure you he is rather clever. He talks wonderfully about Ireland, and the reforms he is going to bring about for her."

"Of course. Burke, and Curran, and Castlereagh, and O'Connell, and fifty more have failed to steer that lumbering old vessel off the mud-bank on which she stranded at some time in the Dark Ages. In fact, nobody except Oliver Cromwell ever did understand how to make Ireland prosperous and respectable, and he began by depopulating her; and here is a fresh-colored young man, with whiskers *à la côtelette de mouton*, who thinks he was born to be her pilot, and to navigate her into a peaceful haven. He is the sort of man who will begin by being the idol of a happy tenantry, and end by being shot from behind one of his own hedges."

"I hope not," said Vixen, "for I am sure he means well. And I should like him to outlive Bullfinch."

Roderick had been very happy all dinner-time. From the soups to the ice-puddings the moments had flown for him. It seemed the briefest dinner he had ever been at, and yet when the ladies rose to depart the silvery chime of the clock struck the half hour after nine. But Lord Mallow's hour came later in the drawing-room, where he contrived to hover over Violet, and fence her round from all other admirers for the rest of the evening. They sang their favorite duets together, to the delight of every one except Rorie, who felt curiously savage at "I would that my Love," and icily disapproving at "Greeting;" but vindictive to the verge of homicidal mania at "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast!"

"His 'plaidie,' indeed!" he ejaculated inwardly. "The creature never possessed any thing so comfortable or civilized. How preposterous it is to hear an Irishman sing Scotch songs! If an Irishman had a plaidie, he would pawn it for a dhrop o' the cratur."

Later, Violet and Lord Mallow sang a little duet by Masini, "O, que la mer est belle!" the daintiest, most bewitching music—such a melody as the Lorley might have sung when the Rhine flowed peacefully onward below mountain peaks shining in the evening light, luring foolish fishermen to their doom. Every body was delighted. It was just the kind of music to please the unlearned in the art. Mrs. Carteret came to the piano to compliment Violet.

"I had no idea you could sing so sweetly," she said. "Why have you never sung to us before?"

"Nobody ever asked me," Vixen answered, frankly. "But indeed I am no singer."

"You have one of the freshest, brightest voices I ever had the happiness of hearing!" Lord Mallow exclaimed, enthusiastically.

He would have liked to go on singing duets for an indefinite period. He felt lifted into some strange and delightful region—a sphere of love and harmony—while he was mingling his voice with Violet's. It made the popular idea of heaven, as a place where there is nothing but singing—an eternal, untiring choir—clearer and more possible to him than it had ever seemed before. Paradise would be quite endurable if he and Violet might stand side by side in the serried ranks of choristers. There was quite a little crowd round the piano, shutting in Violet and Lord Mallow, and Roderick Vawdrey was not in it. He felt himself excluded, and held himself gloomily apart, talking hunting talk with a man for whom he did not care twopence. Directly his carriage was announced—*sotto voce* by the considerate Forbes, so as not to wound any body's feelings by the suggestion that the festivity was on its last legs—Mr. Vawdrey went up to Mrs. Carmichael and took leave. He would not wait to say good-night to Violet. He only cast one glance in the direction of the piano, where the noble breadth of Mrs. Carteret's amber brocaded back obscured every remoter object, and then went away moodily, denouncing duet singing as an abomination.

When Lady Mabel asked him next day what kind of an evening he had had at the Abbey House, in a tone which implied that any entertainment there must be on a distinctly lower level as compared with the hospitalities of Ashbourne, he told her that it had been uncommonly slow.

"How was that? You had some stupid person to take in to dinner, perhaps?"

"No; I went in with Violet."

"And you and she are such old friends, you ought to get on very well together."

Rorie reddened furiously. Happily he was standing with his back to the light in one of the orchid houses, enjoying the drowsy warmth of the atmosphere, and Mabel was engrossed with the contemplation of a fine zygopetalum, which was just making up its mind to bloom.

"Oh yes, that was well enough, but the evening was disgustingly slow. There was too much music."

"Classical?"

"Lord knows. It was mostly French and German. I consider it an insult to people to ask them to your house, and then stick them down in their chairs and say h-sh-h! every time they open their mouths. If people want to give amateur concerts, let them say so when they send out their invitations, and then one would know what one had to expect."

"I am afraid the music must have been very bad to make you so cross," said Lady Mabel, rather pleased that the evening at the Abbey House should have been a failure. "Who were the performers?"

"Violet and an Irish friend of Captain Carmichael's; a man with a rosy complexion and black whiskers—Lord Mallow."

"Lord Mallow! I think I danced with him once or twice last season. He is rather distinguished as a politician, I believe, among the Young Ireland party. Dreadfully radical."

"He looks it," answered Rorie. "He has a loud voice and a loud laugh, and they seem to be making a great deal of him at the Abbey House."

"'Tommy loves a lord,'" said Lady Mabel, brightly. Rorie hadn't the faintest idea whence the quotation came. "I dare say the Carmichaels are rather glad to have Lord Mallow staying with them."

"The squire would have kicked him out of doors," muttered Rorie, savagely.

"But why? Is he so very objectionable? He waltzes beautifully, if I remember right, and I thought him rather a well-meaning young man."

"Oh, there's nothing serious against him that I know of, only I don't think Squire Tempest would have liked a singing man any more than he would have liked a singing mouse."

"I didn't know Miss Tempest sang," said Lady Mabel. "I thought she could do nothing but ride."

"Oh, she has a very pretty voice, but one may have too much of a good thing, you know. One doesn't go out to dinner to hear people sing duets."

"I'm afraid they must have given you a very bad dinner, or you would hardly be so cross. I know that is the way with papa. If the dinner is bad he abuses every thing, and declares the ladies were all ugly."

"Oh, the dinner was excellent, I believe; I'm not a connoisseur, like my uncle. People might give me the most wonderful dinner in the world, and I should hardly be the wiser; or they might give me a wretched one, and I should not feel particularly angry with them."

The next day was Tuesday, and as the duchess and her daughter happened to be driving within a mile or so of the Abbey House, Lady Mabel suggested that they should call upon Mrs. Carmichael.

"I am rather anxious to see the wild Irishman they have captured lately—Lord Mallow. We met him at Lady Dumdrum's, if you remember, mamma. I danced with him twice."

"My dear Mabel, do you think I can remember all your partners?"

"But Lord Mallow is rather celebrated. He makes very good speeches. Papa read one of them to us the other day when there was a great debate going on upon the Irish land question."

The duchess remembered being read to one evening after dinner, but the debates, as delivered by the duke, had generally a somnolent effect upon his wife. She had a faint idea of the beginning, and struggled heroically to discover what the speakers were talking about; then came a soft confusion of sound, like the falling of waters, and the middle and end of the debate was dream-land. Lady Mabel was of a more energetic temper, and was interested in every thing that could enlarge her sphere of knowledge, from a Parliamentary debate to a Greek play.

The duchess had never in her life refused compliance with any wish of her daughter's, so the horses' heads were turned toward the Abbey House, along a smooth hard road through a pine wood, then through a lodge-gate into a forest of rhododendrons.

"This is really a nicer place than Ashbourne, mamma," remarked Lady Mabel, disapprovingly.

It appeared to her quite a mistake in the arrangement of the universe that Violet Tempest should be heiress to a more picturesque estate than that which she, the Duke of Dovedale's only daughter, was to inherit.

"My dear, Ashbourne is perfect. Every one says so. The stables, the offices, the way the house is lighted and heated, the ventilation."

"Yes, mamma; but those are details which nobody thinks about except an architect or a house agent. Ashbourne is so revoltingly modern. It smells of stucco. It will take a century to tone it down. Now this fine old place is like a dream of the past; it is a poem in wood and stone. Ashbourne would be very well for a hunting-box for any one who had three or four other places, as papa has; but when my time comes, and I have only Ashbourne, I'm afraid I shall hate it."

"But you will have a choice of places by-and-by," said the duchess, consolingly. "You will have Briarwood."

"Briarwood is a degree uglier than Ashbourne," sighed Lady Mabel, leaning back in the carriage, wrapped to the chin in Russian sable, the image of discontent.

There are moments in every life, as in Solomon's, when all seems vanity. Lady Mabel Ashbourne's life had been cloudless—a continual summer, an unchangeable Italian sky—and yet there were times when she was weary of it, when some voice within her murmured, "This is not enough." She was pretty, she was graceful, accomplished, gifted with a self-confidence that generally passed for wit; all the blood in her veins was the bluest of the blue, every body bowed down to her, more or less, and paid her homage; the man she liked best in the world, and had so preferred from her childhood, was to be her husband; nobody had ever contradicted her, or hinted that she was less than perfect; and yet that mysterious and rebellious voice sometimes repeated, "It is not enough." She was like the woman in the German fairy tale, who, beginning as the wife of a half-starved fisherman, came, by fairy power, to be king, and then emperor, and then pope; and still was not contented, but languished for something more, ay, even to have the ordering of the sun and moon.

The rebellious voice expostulated loudly this winter afternoon, as Lady Mabel's languid eyes scanned the dark shining rhododendron bushes, rising bank above bank, a veritable jungle, backed by tall beeches and tower-like Douglas firs. A blackbird was whistling joyously amongst the greenery, and a robin was singing on the other side of the drive. The sun-lit sky was soft and pearly. It was one of those mild winters in which Christmas steals unawares upon the foot-prints of a lovely autumn. The legendary oak was doubtless in full bud at Cadenham, like its miraculous brother, the Glastonbury thorn.

"I don't think any of papa's places can compare with this," Lady Mabel said, irritably.

She would not have minded the beauty of the grounds so much had they been the heritage of any other heiress than Violet Tempest.

The old hall was full of people and voices when the duchess and her daughter were announced. There was a momentary hush at their entrance, as at the advent of some one of importance, and Mrs. Carmichael came smiling out of the fire-light to welcome them, in Theodore's last invention, which was a kind of skirt that necessitated a peculiar gliding motion in the wearer, and was built upon the lines of a mermaid's tail.

"How good of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Carmichael.

"We were coming through Lyndhurst, and could not resist the temptation of coming in to see you," said the duchess, graciously. "How do you do, Miss Tempest? Were you out with the hounds this morning? We met some people riding home."

"I have never hunted since my father's death," Violet answered, gravely; and the duchess was charmed with the answer and the seriously tender look that accompanied it.

Lord Mallow was standing before the hearth, looking remarkably handsome in full hunting costume. The well-worn scarlet coat and high black boots became him. He had enjoyed his first day with the Forest hounds, had escaped the bogs, and had avoided making an Absalom of himself among the spreading beechen boughs. Bullfinch had behaved superbly over his old ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Scobel were among those dusky figures grouped around the wide fire-lit hearth, where the piled-up logs testified to the Tempest common of estovers. Mr. Scobel was talking about the last advance movement of the ritualists, and expatiating learnedly upon the Ornaments Rubric of 1559, and its bearing upon the Advertisements of 1566, with a great deal more about King Edward's first prayer-book and the Act of Uniformity, to Colonel Carteret, who, from an antique conservative stand-point, regarded ritualists, spirit-rappers, and Shakers in about the same category; while Mrs. Scobel twittered cheerily about the parish and the schools to the colonel's bulky wife, who was a liberal patroness of all philanthropic institutions in her neighborhood.

Lord Mallow came eagerly forward to recall himself to the memories of Lady Mabel and her mother.

"I hope your grace has not forgotten me," he said; and the duchess, who had not the faintest recollection of his face or figure, knew that this must be Lord Mallow. "I had the honor of being introduced to you at Lady Dumdrum's delightful ball."

The duchess said something gracious, and left Lord Mallow free to talk to Lady Mabel. He reminded her of that never to be, by him, forgotten waltz, and talked, in his low-pitched Irish voice, as if he had lived upon nothing but the recollection of it ever since.

It was idiosyncratic of Lord Mallow that he could not talk to any young woman without seeming to adore her. At this very moment he thought Violet Tempest the one lovable and soul-entrancing woman the world held for him; yet at sight of Lady Mabel he behaved as if she and no other was his one particular star.

"It was a nice dance, wasn't it? but there were too many people for the rooms," said Lady Mabel, easily; "and I don't think the flowers were so prettily arranged as the year before. Do you?"

"I was not there the year before."

"No? I must confess to having been at three balls at Lady Dumdrum's. That makes me seem very old, does it not? Some young ladies in London make believe to be always in their first season. They put on a hoidenish freshness, and pretend to be delighted with every thing, as if they were just out of the nursery."

"That's a very good idea up to thirty," said Lord Mallow. "I should think it would hardly answer after."

"Oh, after thirty they begin to be fond of horses, and take to betting. I believe young ladies after thirty are the most desperate—what is that dreadful slang word?—plungers in society. How do you like our hunting?"

"I like riding about the Forest amazingly, but I should hardly call it hunting after Leicestershire. Of course that depends in a measure upon what you mean by hunting. If you only mean hounds pottering about after a fox, this might pass muster; but if your idea of hunting includes hard riding and five-barred gates, I should call the kind of thing you do here by another name."

"Was my cousin, Mr. Vawdrey, out to-day?"

"The M. F. H.? In the first flight. May I get you some tea?"

"If you please. Mrs. Carmichael's tea is always so good."

Mrs. Carmichael was supremely happy in offi-

ciating at her gypsy table, where the silver tea-kettle of Queen Anne's time was going through its usual sputtering performances. To sit in a fashionable gown—however difficult the gown might be to sit in—and dispense tea to a local duchess, was Mrs. Carmichael's loftiest idea of earthly happiness. Of course there might be a superior kind of happiness beyond earth; but to appreciate that, the weak human soul would have to go through a troublesome ordeal in the way of preparation, as the gray cloth at Hoyle's printing-works is dashed about in gigantic vats and whirled round upon mighty wheels before it is ready for the reception of particular dyes.

Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow had a longish chat in the deep-set window where Vixen watched for Rorie on his twenty-first birthday. The conversation came round to Irish politics somehow, and Lord Mallow was enraptured at discovering that Lady Mabel had read his speeches, or had heard them read. He had met many young ladies who professed to be interested in his Irish politics, but never before had he encountered one who seemed to know what she was talking about. Lord Mallow was enchanted. He had found his host's lively step-daughter stonily indifferent to the Hibernian cause. She had said, "Poor things!" once or twice, when he dilated on the wrongs of an oppressed people; but her ideas upon all Hibernian subjects were narrow. She seemed to imagine Ireland a vast sheet of bog chiefly inhabited by pigs.

"There are mountains, are there not?" she remarked once; "and tourists go there. But nobody lives there, do they?"

"My dear Miss Tempest, there are charming country-seats. If you were to see the outskirts of Waterford or the hills above Cork you would find almost as many fine mansions as in England."

"Really!" exclaimed Vixen, with most bewitching incredulity; "but people don't live in them? Now I'm sure you can not tell me honestly that any one lives in Ireland. You, for instance, you talk most enthusiastically about your beautiful country, but you don't live in it."

"I go there every year for the fishing."

"Yes; but gentlemen will go to the most uncomfortable places for fishing—Norway, for example. You go to Ireland just as you go to Norway."

"I admit that the fishing in Connemara is rather remote from civilization—"

"Of course. It is at the other end of every thing. And then you go into the House of Commons, and rave about Ireland just as if you loved her as I love the Forest, where I hope to live and die. I think all this wild enthusiasm about Ireland is the silliest thing in the world when it comes from the lips of land-owners who won't pay their beloved country the compliment of six months' residence out of the twelve."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PIGEON SHOW.

AN exhibition of pigeons is one that might naturally attract many visitors, for there are few creatures more charming as pets, or better deserving of the care and attention lavished upon them. When, however, the first pigeon show was held in our city, some years ago, the management was disappointed to find that the interest taken in them was confined to a comparatively few persons. The exhibition that was inaugurated on Tuesday, February 4, at the New York Aquarium, was, however, much more successful, and the members of the National Columbarian Society have the satisfaction of knowing that they have finally awakened a general interest in the beautiful varieties they have taken so much pains to introduce into this country.

Few people who have not specially interested themselves in ornithological studies can imagine the extent of the pigeon family, or the number of its ramifications. Only one species of pigeon has been truly domesticated, but this has undergone many remarkable changes. There are now among home-bred pigeons many varieties or breeds, exhibiting strange peculiarities. These were all represented at the recent show, and afforded an interesting study to many who had before no conception of the struggle to rise above commonplace uniformity that is perpetually going on in the pigeon world. Among the most interesting varieties, as well as those most frequently met with, are the Jacobin, which has a range of feathers inverted over the head and extending down each side of the neck as a hood; the fan-tail, in which the number of tail feathers is greatly increased, and the bird has the power of erecting its tail in the same manner as a turkey-cock, whilst it also has a peculiar vibratory motion; the tumbler, so called from tumbling in the air in its flight, and further characterized by a very short bill; and the pouter, or cropper, which has the power of blowing up its crop to an extraordinary degree, so that the head seems fastened on the top of an inflated bladder. The further efforts of pigeons to differentiate themselves are too numerous to be mentioned, but many of them are indicated by the names they bear, as for, instance, trumpeters, bald-heads, beards, runts, etc.

The most interesting as well as the most valuable among these infinitely various birds is the carrier-pigeon, although the useful little creature bears no peculiar mark to distinguish it from its most commonplace fellows. Carrier-pigeons were abundantly represented at the exhibition, and one collection, numbering about one hundred, from New Jersey, was valued at $10,000. The owner of these birds, Mr. LOUIS WAEFELAER, of Hoboken, was in constant attendance at the Aquarium, and would allow no one to approach the cage of his birds too closely. Mr. WAEFELAER was also the fortunate possessor of three pairs of Antwerp flying-pigeons, whose cage occupied the place of honor in the exhibition. These birds were recently imported from Belgium, and are valued at $100 a pair. They have travelled distances varying from three hundred to six hundred miles, and have come out victorious in all matches in which they were entered. On the wing feathers of each bird are marked the number of miles it has flown and the number of matches it has won. The carrier-pigeon has probably been more used in the Turkish dominions than in any other country, and has often been intrusted with important messages both in affairs of war and commerce. Its rate of flight is not less than thirty miles an hour, and it has been known to pass over great distances still more rapidly. On the afternoon of the first day of the exhibition a flight of carrier-pigeons took place. Some forty birds were taken out to the sidewalk in front of the building and let loose almost at the same moment. Some of them seemed bewildered by their sudden freedom, but the larger number rose at once, and after circling round and round until they reached a considerable height, started in different directions toward their various homes. A number of them had only a short journey to make to certain points in the city, but some were obliged to make their way to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities before reaching their accustomed dwelling-places. On their arrival the news was immediately telegraphed back to New York.

There were nearly two thousand birds registered at the exhibition, sketches from which will be found on page 152. Their wooden cages extended along the walls of the entire building, and their cooing created a constant Babel of soft harmonious sounds. The exhibitors of those that were adjudged worthy of such honor received prizes of fifteen dollars each, the management desiring to stimulate the raising of rare and peculiar breeds in this country. The whole scene was immensely appreciated by the little folks, many of whom had doubtless parted with their pets to swell the exhibition. It is not likely that pigeon-fancying will ever become as popular in America as it is in England; but the taste is one that might with great propriety be cultivated. No other birds are more affectionate and interesting, especially the erratic little tumblers, which delight in being stroked and fondled. They make a most interesting addition to a country house, while as pets they repay the care and affection devoted to them.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday, 23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday, 24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday, 26.—Ash-Wednesday.

"SENSATIONALISM in the pulpit" is now under a searching examination. Dr. TALMAGE, who is considered, whether rightly or wrongly, to be its defender, is under examination as to his pulpit and church methods by a committee of the Brooklyn Presbytery. Professor DAVID SWING, of Chicago, has made it the subject of one of his recent addresses to the vast audience which he gathers to hear him in M'Vickar's Theatre, Chicago. The Rev. Dr. TAYLOR discusses the theme in the *North American Review.* Surely, with so much instruction and illustration, the occupants of the pulpit will learn how to do their work. The discussion is one of the healthiest of the signs of the times. It indicates a desire on the part of the people to get rid of a merely perfunctory method of performing ministerial duty. It indicates, too, a desire that a minister shall study his audiences as well as his books; shall learn their cares and sorrows, their hopes and fears; and shall talk to them less professionally and more as a sympathetic man to men who want sympathy.

The *Observer* calls attention to an important bill which is now in the hands of the Judiciary Committee of the Lower House of Congress. The facts are these: Under the lead of a Neapolitan Jesuit named GASPARRI, the Legislature of New Mexico has passed a bill which allows the Jesuit fathers to hold an unlimited amount of property in the Territory, and exempts all they hold from taxation. The bill does not require the corporators under it to be citizens, and its neglect to limit the amount of property held is contrary to public policy. The Governor of the Territory vetoed it, but his veto was overridden. The Senate of the United States has passed an act setting aside this Territorial law, but the House is tardy in acting. Such monstrous legislation as this ought to be promptly abrogated, and the Jesuits taught a needed lesson.

All the romance of the Orient will soon be gone. English capitalists are making of "the bitumen, petroleum, sulphur, and salt" of the Dead Sea region in Palestine a profitable commerce. The trade in Dead Sea salt especially is proving to be large. A railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is on the way to completion. There are now three American colonies in Palestine, and all of them are said to be prosperous. Thus the West is steadily encroaching on the old habitudes of the East.

The compilers of the English Baptist Year-Book carefully collect the statistics of their denomination throughout the world. The preponderance of Baptists in the United States is so great that outside of our country their numbers appear small. The total of communicants for the whole world is 2,473,088; of this number a little over 2,000,000 are in the United States, 276,348 in Great Britain and Ireland, 98,344 in the British colonies, and 7459 in India and Ceylon. The increase in Great Britain and Ireland for 1878 was 6512. The total number of Baptist ministers is 17,683; of these over 14,500 are in this country, and 1879 in Great Britain and Ireland.

In his Yale lectures on preaching Bishop SIMPSON made a plea for the repetition by ministers of sermons which have been proved to be effective. He instanced the fact, among others, in support of his plea, that WENDELL PHILLIPS has delivered one of his famous lectures for thirty years, and always to large audiences. Mr. MOODY has the same success with addresses which have been heard scores of times. Of his lecture on DANIEL, delivered in the Rev. Dr. LEYBURN'S Church, Baltimore, to men only, on a recent Monday afternoon, the *Presbyterian Weekly* says: "The church was filled with men of all ages and conditions. Bankers sat side by side with laborers, and clerks and merchants were crowded together in the same pew. A few colored men sat here and there, and there was quite a number of habitually drunken men in the galleries."

This certainly shows a mixed audience. Another Baltimore paper says of Mr. MOODY'S hearers in the northeastern part of the city: "At one time we noticed five professional gamblers and two avowed skeptics among the inquirers." Mr. MOODY'S plan contemplates a series of sermons in each quarter of Baltimore.

The prospects of the continuance of the Church of England as a state Church are considered gloomy by many of its distinguished leaders. The Liverpool *Argus* thus sums up the admissions of several well-known men: "Canon RYLE lamentingly predicts that disestablishment is coming as certainly as to-morrow's dawn, unless the Church can be purged of Romanism, and he fears it can't. Mr. MACKONOCHIE has formed a league to help it to come—a league by no means contemptible in numbers or in zeal. Bishop ELLICOTT has just warned the faithful, through the *Nineteenth Century*, that the very existence of the national Church is menaced by the practices of such as Mr. MACKONOCHIE. The Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. MAGEE, says of disruption that he thinks it 'is certainly coming.'" More alarming than all these is the language of the *Guardian*, the organ of the moderate High-Churchmen. "Unless," it says, "in some way the present ecclesiastical tension be relieved, unless the great body of the High-Church party enforce some kind of moderation on their outlying irregulars, it is impossible not to see disruption and revolution, and that, too, we fear, in a not far distant future."

The British Wesleyans are making rapid progress in collecting their Thanksgiving Fund of £200,000. The contributions of London have already reached £40,000; it is expected that the entire gifts from the London circuits will reach £50,000. The new theological college for the Midland Counties will be placed at Handsworth, Birmingham; an estate of eighteen acres has been purchased, and arrangements are making for prompt organization.

The rapid progress made by Christianity in the far East receives fresh illustration in the formation of a Chinese Tract Society. Its organization was completed at Shanghai November 29, 1878. The publishing committee will consist of four foreigners and four natives, who will represent the following denominations: Presbyterians and Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists. The four foreign members are the Rev. Dr. EDKINS, Bishop SCHERESCHEWSKY, and the Rev. Drs. LORD and BALDWIN.

The question of free or pewed churches has come into prominence again, and its earnest discussion is an unmixed benefit to society. A young woman was lately ejected from a Roman Catholic church of this city because she could not pay a fee of fifteen cents for her seat. This harsh treatment has aroused indignation, and the Catholic churches of New York have been severely censured for their practice of requiring payment on the spot for every worshipper's sitting. It has been shown, however, that they have hours of service when all seats are free, and some free sittings in each church at all times.

Whether the system of free seats has or has not been a failure is purely a question of fact. The Methodist Episcopal Church has been built up on it. For a long series of years its Discipline forbade the erection of pewed churches; and taking the country throughout, the pewed Methodist churches are much less numerous than the free. A Protestant Episcopal society exists for the promotion of the erection of free churches, and claims that the free system is more successful financially. That it has not succeeded in the great cities is, however, notorious.

The statement made that LEO XIII. has sent a letter to the Italian bishops advising Catholics to take part in the state elections is denied. An effort is making in Rome to form a moderate Catholic party which shall recognize the monarchy and at the same time guard the Church. It meets with little encouragement.

The present number of benefices in the Church of England is over 13,000; the number of churches is 16,000. The untitled clergy are in number 25,000, fully one-fifth of them without parishes. The yearly income of the Church is believed to be $40,000,000. Its heads are 2 archbishops, 28 bishops, 3 suffragan bishops, 30 deans, 74 archdeacons, and 610 rural deans. The Disestablished Church of Ireland has 2 archbishops, 10 bishops, 1238 benefices, and 2000 clergymen. The Episcopal Church in Scotland numbers 7 bishops, 212 churches, and 215 clergymen.

The Rev. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, pastor of the Church of the Disciples in this city, finds himself compelled to retire for a season from public duty in order to secure rest and recuperation. The burden of the great debt of $185,000 has pressed very heavily on him; this has, however, been reduced to $85,000, and all expenses have been met. Mr. HEPWORTH designs to go to Europe to stay several years.

As many as 1063 parishes and stations are vacant in the Roman Catholic dioceses of Prussia in consequence of the war between the state and the Church. In the diocese of Breslau there are 200 vacancies; in Cologne, 187; in Treves, 163; in Münster, 149.

Mr. LEWIS E. JACKSON, Secretary of the New York Tract Society, who has made the moral statistics of this city a life-long study, has lately printed an estimate of the extent and cost of our municipal drink traffic. In a population of 1,000,000 there are 8000 drinking shops, or 1 to every 125 of population. There are 489 churches, or 1 to every 2145 of the population. The cost of maintaining the churches is $5,000,000 per year; the money spent at the liquor shops is estimated at $60,000,000. Three-fourths of the annual cost of pauperism, crime, and the maintenance of police and courts of justice, Mr. JACKSON charges to the liquor traffic. This outlay he puts at $6,100,000. The total yearly receipts for licenses are $300,000.

At the annual meeting of the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, recently held in London, it was announced that the Rev. JAMES DAVIS, for many years secretary, has been compelled to resign in consequence of ill health. Over three hundred new members were enrolled during the year—a greater number than has been known in any one year before since the Alliance was organized.

Among the persons who offered their congratulations to King HUMBERT upon his escape from death by the hand of an assassin were the representatives of the Protestant Churches of Italy. They were received in the most friendly manner; the King shook hands with each minister of the deputation, inquiring about each Church, and expressing surprise that the forms of Protestant faith in Italy were so many. The bitter comments of the ultramontane press of Rome upon this reception are curious. The *Osservatore Romano* says that a king who professes to be a Catholic "can not and must not interest himself in the work of Protestant evangelization, or rather of moral and religious corruption, in the metropolis of Catholicism." The *Unità Cattolica* denounced the "effrontery" of the deputation in presuming to appear before him as Protestants. The *Romano di Roma* denies the right of the deputation "to stand before the throne of the house of Savoy, on whose coat of arms is emblazoned the cross." The Protestants, says this paper, "are wicked apostates, who are defiling our city, corrupting our families, and who raise on our soil, stained with the blood of our martyred ancestors, their lying temples," etc. The Rev. Dr. TAYLOR, of the American Baptist mission in Rome, has done well to gather together these specimens of the journalism of the Papal City, and to make them known to his countrymen.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two old Scotch women were discussing the merits of a minister who had lately come into their neighborhood. "And hoo d'ye like the new meenister?" said the one. "Ou," said the other, "he's that deep I canna understan' him." "Hoots," said the first, contemptuously, "he's no deep—he's juist drumly." "Drumly," applied to water, means thick, muddy. The stream was shallow enough, but the drumliness made it look deep.

A lady, engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," she replied; "it is very easy to untie it now while it is only a *beau* knot."

"Did they encore him?" was asked of a young lady who was relating the performance of an aspirant for musical honors. "A little," she replied, "but not enough to call him out."

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister: "I see the *sleepers* are very *sound.*"

A wit having been asked by another person whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, said, "What! lend *him money!* You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

A bereaved widower, while receiving the condolence of friends, acknowledged that it was indeed a great loss, a sad bereavement, that he had suffered, and added: "And just think! Only a few days ago I bought her a whole box of pills, and she hadn't had time to take half of them before she died."

On being deserted by her adorer, a young lady in the millinery line broke forth in this way: "Such a wretch ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a band-box!"

When may one's teeth be said to usurp the functions of one's tongue?—When they are chattering.

THE SHORT AND THE LONG OF IT.—A famous punster, after calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained that they were too short. The waiter said that they had no others, and that those had just come in. "Ay," said the wit, "I see your master has not bought them very long."

FITTED.

SCENE: *Fancy hosiery. Facetious Youth purchasing Bow for his Sweetheart.*

FACETIOUS YOUTH (*to shop-girl*). "I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?"

SHOP-GIRL. "Yes, I believe we have, Sir. What kind would you like to see?"

FACETIOUS YOUTH (*winking to his sweetheart*). "Could you supply me with a pig-ty?"

SHOP-GIRL. "With pleasure, Sir. Just hold down your head and I'll take your measure." [*Tableau.*

BASHFUL LOVER (*to his sweetheart*). "Ahem, miss, I want to see your father. I've an important matter to propose to him."

YOUNG LADY (*considerately*). "I'm sorry papa is not at home, but couldn't you propose to me just as well?"

He did, and with perfect success.

"What shall I leave you when I die?" said an insipid fellow to a young lady whose patience he had nearly exhausted. "Needn't wait till you die," said she; "you can leave something now, if you will." "What shall I leave?" he asked. "Leave yourself," she replied. He left.

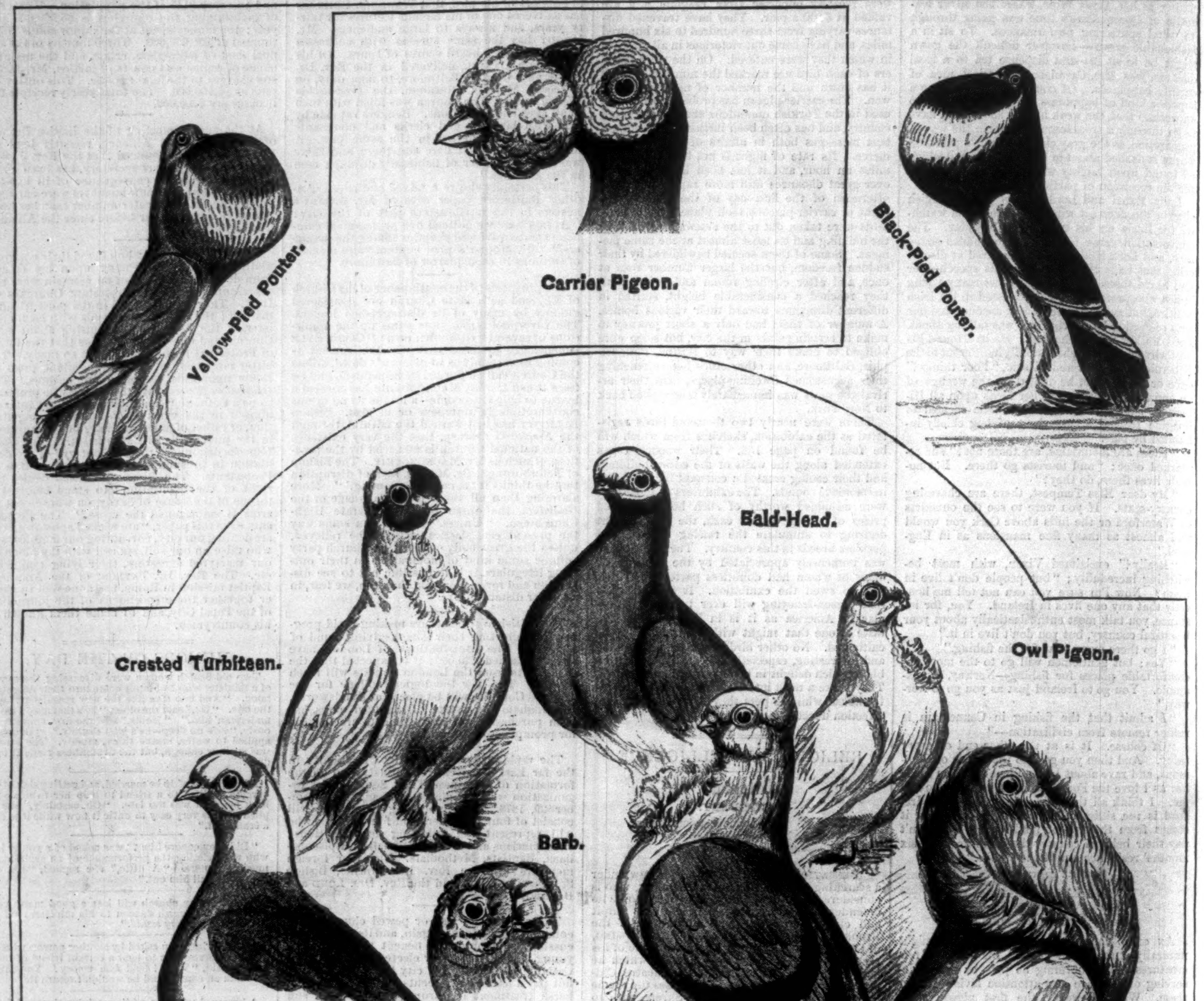
Will science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she has to sweep off the front steps can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh, with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without getting even a blue nose?

"What makes your lips so awful sore?"
Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pap;
And Sarah to the old man said,
"It's caused by a small chap."

Then Sarah's youngest brother—
As yet unknown to fame—
Looked Sarah in the eye and asked:
"What is the small chap's name?"

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

"How much will you charge for a Bologna sausage that will reach from one of my ears to the other?" asked a soldier in Berlin of a dealer. "Fifty kreutzers," was the reply. "I take the offer," replied the soldier: "one of my ears was cut off in a battle a thousand miles from here." There was a compromise.



SKETCHES AT THE NEW YORK PIGEON SHOW.—DRAWN BY HENRY STULL.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

THE EXECUTION OF MONCASI FOR AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF KING ALFONSO.

THE EXECUTION OF MONCASI.

THE above illustration represents the execution by the garrote of JUAN OLIVA Y MONCASI, who on the 25th of October last attempted the murder of the young King of Spain. The history of the crime is in brief as follows:

The attack on King ALFONSO was made by MONCASI as his Majesty was passing from the great central plaza of Madrid, the Puerta del Sol, through the Calle Mayor toward the royal palace. The King was attended by a guard of honor, but rode ahead of his aides. MONCASI, who stood near the arched passageway into the ancient Plaza Mayor, where were performed the awful acts of the Inquisition, fired twice at his Majesty, the second shot taking effect in the hand of an aide who rode up to his rescue. The culprit was at once secured. The shooting was witnessed by General GRANT, who stood at a window of the Hôtel de Paris, across the Puerta del Sol, but the ex-President was on the point of starting for Lisbon, and could only send his congratulations to ALFONSO.

The examination of the prisoner began on the second day after the shooting. The public prosecutor conducted the investigation with the utmost rigor. The court appointed counsel to defend the accused, who had declared to the magistrate at the prison that he did not wish to choose his own lawyer. According to the custom in Spain, the lawyers of Madrid are obliged in turn to take up such cases when the persons interested can not afford or do not choose to select counsel. The counsel appointed was Señor JIMENEZ DEL CERRO. He displayed much zeal in the cause of MONCASI. He requested the Court of Appeal to allow him to examine the witnesses, and to permit the examination of MONCASI by two medical men whom the defender named in his petition. Both requests were granted, and the public prosecutor on his side named two eminent physicians, who visited the Saladero Prison on October 30. The four doctors questioned the accused, and he answered all their queries with great readiness. They reported, after a second visit at a later date, that JUÁN OLIYA Y MONCASI was quite sound in mind. One of the physicians desired that more information should be obtained from the family and native place of MONCASI, and Señor JIMENEZ DEL CERRO directly filed another petition claiming this inquiry, on the ground that the accused was reported to have been detained for several months in a lunatic asylum. The judge did not consent to this petition, and he only prolonged the delay granted for the medical investigation of the prisoner himself.

The trial resulted in condemnation to death, and the sentence was carried out on the 4th of January. Hanging was long since abolished in Spain, and the garrote substituted for the barbarous gallows. The method of execution is clearly shown in the engraving. The culprit is placed on a seat, his back leaning against a strong upright post, to which an iron collar is attached, inclosing his neck, and so contrived as to be drawn home against a sharp steel point by turning a powerful screw behind the post. The arms and legs of the culprit are tightly bound. When all is ready the executioner takes the lever of the screw in both hands, gathers himself up for a powerful muscular effort, and at the moment of a preconcerted signal, draws the iron collar tight, while an attendant flings a black handkerchief over the face. The sharp point severs the bones of the neck, and a momentary convulsive pressure of the hands and a heaving of the chest are usually the only visible signs of suffering. Death is instantaneous.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS ON CLIMATE.

MANY rivers have totally disappeared, or have been reduced to mere streams from an irrational and heinous felling of the forests. In the north-east of Germany, the Narp and Gold rivers exist only in name. The classic lands of antiquity are rich in sad lessons of deforestation. The springs and brooks of Palestine are dry, and the fruitfulness of the land has disappeared. The Jordan is four feet lower than it was in the New Testament days. Greece and Spain suffer severely to this day from the effects of destroying their forests. Many parts of the kingdom of Würtemberg have been rendered almost barren by the felling of the trees. In Hungary the periodically returning drought is universally attributed to the extermination of the forest. We attribute the present unfruitfulness of Asia Minor and Greece to the destruction of the woods; steppes, ruins, and tombs have taken the place of what was the highest culture. Sardinia and Sicily were once the granaries of Italy, but have long since lost the fruitfulness sung of by the ancient poets.

On the other hand, man can improve the condition of the land in which he lives, more slowly indeed, but as certainly, by cultivating and preserving the forests. In former years reliable authorities have told us that in the Delta of Lower Egypt there were only five or six days of rain in the year, but that, since the time when Mehemet Ali caused some twenty thousand trees to be planted, the number of days of rain in the year has increased to forty-five or forty-six. The Suez Canal has produced remarkable results. Is-

mailia is built on what was a sandy desert, but since the ground has become saturated with canal water, trees, bushes, and other plants have sprung up as if by magic, and with the re-appearance of the vegetation the climate has changed. Four or five years ago rain was unknown in those regions, while from May, 1868, to May, 1869, fourteen days were recorded, and once such a rain-storm that the natives looked upon it as a supernatural event.

Austria herself has a very striking instance of a change of climate being produced by deforestation. We refer to that stretch of miles of country over which the railroad passes, near Trieste, as you go from Austria to Italy, bleak, barren, stony, with hardly earth sufficient for a weed to take root in, a stretch of barrenness on which some dread anathema seems to rest. It is a curse that rests on it called down from Heaven by man. Five hundred years ago, and an immense forest stood on the ground where now is nothing but a sea of stone. Venetians came and hewed down the forest in order to procure wood for piles and mercantile purposes.

THE SIGHT OF FISH.

WE are led to believe by the investigations of anatomists that the organs of special sense in fishes are very imperfectly developed; but while this may be true in the main as regards the special senses of smell, hearing, and touch, I am constrained to believe, from the observations of myself and many others, that fishes in general have the senses of sight and hearing developed in a much greater degree than is generally supposed. It is a popular idea that fish are necessarily near-sighted on account of the conformation of the eye, which is large, round, and prominent; and the main argument adduced to support this theory is the readiness with which they will take an artificial fly, trolling spoon, or other artificial bait which resembles in but slight degree the natural objects of food that they are intended to represent, if, indeed, they are intended to represent any thing. It is very often the case that those anglers who are most strenuous in their theory that fish are near-sighted stultify themselves by carrying a large and most varied assortment of artificial flies of all shapes and colors, in order to meet the "fastidious taste" of the fish that often refuse one pattern or color, and rise eagerly to another, which could not be the fact were they so near-sighted as many believe. The consistency of these anglers would be more apparent if they would adopt Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell's theory of artificial flies, and confine themselves exclusively to his three typical flies—brown, yellow, and green hackles.

Now, I am not of those who believe that our brave game fish possess such extreme gullibility as to mistake an artificial lure for the genuine article upon the hypothesis of near-sightedness. My opinion, founded upon numerous experiments, is that fishes see and hear as well in and through the medium of the water for all practical purposes as the angler does through the medium of the atmosphere—the clearer and more rarefied the medium, the clearer and greater the range of vision in both instances. In muddy or turbid waters the sight of fishes is necessarily limited, as ours would be in hazy or foggy weather. It is neither fair nor logical to presume that fishes in water ought to discern objects in the atmosphere above any clearer or plainer than we can perceive objects in the water while standing on the brink.

We are altogether too prone to judge every thing from our own stand-point, and to attribute to our own cleverness results that in all probability depend upon other and extraneous circumstances. Who of us could tell a skillfully tied artificial fly from a real one beneath the water, when its surface was ruffled by a brisk breeze, shadowed by drifting clouds, covered with the froth and suds of an eddy, or surmounted by the foam and bubbles of a rapid? Yet there are those who contend, because fish fail to detect this difference through the same obstacles to clear vision, that they are of a verity near-sighted, and easily fooled by the very poorest semblance of a fly or feathery nondescript; but let one of these persons try a cast of the best flies upon a bright still day, when the water is perfectly clear and the surface like a mirror, and if he expects to get a rise under such conditions, he himself must be very near-sighted indeed. On the other hand, any one who has seen a black bass dart like an arrow and seize a minnow swimming quietly thirty feet away, or a brook trout flash like a meteor for a dragon-fly hovering near the water at the same distance, must admit that their visual powers are sufficient for all practical purposes.

I am well aware that scientists consider fish myopic, or near-sighted—not, however, on account of excessive convexity of the cornea, as is popularly supposed; for it is an exploded theory in medical science that myopia depends necessarily upon this condition. Indeed, in fishes the cornea is almost flat; while in birds of prey, which have a very extended range of vision, the cornea is quite convex. From the lack of analogy, from the great difference of construction of the ocular and auditory apparatus of fishes and terrestrial animals, and from the wide difference in the properties of the media of air and water, I am convinced that the organs of the special senses of sight and hearing in fishes are not well understood at the present day; and I am confident that future investigations will prove them to be possessed of much greater acuteness of vision and hearing than is now accorded them.

It is a well-known fact that fishes are attracted by any gay, bright, or glittering substance, as a finger-ring, a sleeve-button, or a coin, and have deliberately swallowed them when dropped in the water. I have caught brook trout with winter-green and partridge berries, the bright scarlet color seeming to allure them; and I have even caught them with a naked bright fish-hook. But all this does not prove that they were the victims of a myopic mistake, or that in their near-sightedness they mistook these various articles for something else; neither does it prove that a black bass will grab at a trolling spoon, a blue-fish snap at a bone squid, or a Spanish mackerel seize a metal or pearl troll under the delusion that they are really choice shiners or delicate piscatorial tidbits. A camel, it is said, will bolt all sorts of substances, as metal, glass, stones, leather, etc.; but when was his short-comings attributed to short-sightedness? Our dogs will often refuse good, clean food, and hunt up an old dry bone, a stone, an old shoe, or a stick, and will gnaw them with delight, and even swallow them with evident gratification. Birds will peck at and swallow bright beads, colored threads, etc., and kittens will seize, claw, and bite almost any moving small object; but these vagaries are attributed to the idiosyncrasies of the animals mentioned, while in fishes they are ascribed to defective sight. Does a salmon or a shad at spawning-time seek out and ascend its native stream by instinct, smell, or sight? It is very convenient, but not at all satisfactory, to give instinct the credit for this truly wonderful faculty, on the same principle that Coleridge accounts for the blindness of love:

"His eyes are in his mind."

But what are a fish's eyes for? According to our present knowledge, they are to enable him to become "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," with hooks attached to them.

Now, as far as the artificial fly is concerned, when it is cast lightly upon a fretted surface, I think it is generally taken by a fish under the impression that it is a natural insect; but with regard to trolls of all kinds, as spoons, squids, spinners, propellers, etc., and very often with regard to the artificial fly, I am of the opinion that they are taken through a spirit of mere bravado, curiosity, or wantonness, and not with the idea that they are living objects of prey. They are seized by the fish because they are bright, attractive, and in motion; not because they are hungry, but because they are in a biting mood, for we often find—nay, almost always find—that fish so taken are already gorged with food.

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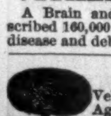

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MARSHAL ESPARTERO.

THIS patriotic soldier and liberal politician, who held a very high place in the esteem of those sympathizing with the struggles of the Spanish nation for popular freedom some forty years ago, died January 9, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. BALDOMERO ESPARTERO was of humble birth, the son of a rustic wheelwright in La Mancha, and was partly educated for the priesthood, but quitted that career, while a youthful student, to serve as a volunteer in the national insurrection against NAPOLEON I. He afterward served in the Spanish colonial provinces of South America with the army employed to put down their revolt against the government of Spain. Having gained military rank as Colonel and Brigadier, he returned to Spain, at the age of thirty-two, married, and held the appointment of commander at Logrono and in the Balearic Isles.

In 1833, on the death of King FERDINAND VII., the succession to the crown, which had been left to his infant daughter, Queen ISABELLA II., under the guardianship of her mother, the Queen Regent MARIA CHRISTINA, was disputed by Don CARLOS, her uncle, representing the party of despotic monarchy and of the papal authority, in opposition to the principles of constitutional government. A civil war of nearly seven years' duration ensued, in which General ESPARTERO performed most important services, and in which he was assisted by the British Legion, under the command of General Sir DE LACY EVANS. After the defeat and submission of the Carlists, ESPARTERO was rewarded with great honors, being made Duke of Vittoria, a Grandee of Spain, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, while Queen CHRISTINA attempted to carry on the government. But her corrupt and arbitrary administration soon excited bitter discontent among the Progressists, or Advanced Liberal party, who persuaded ESPARTERO to become their military chief. An insurrection broke out, the result of which was the deposition and flight of Queen CHRISTINA, and the election of ESPARTERO, in May, 1841, to be sole Regent during the minority of Queen ISABELLA. His period of rule was brief and troubled, having to contend with military and provincial revolts at Pampeluna, Madrid, and Barcelona, and finally with a rebellion in the manufacturing towns of Catalonia, which at length, in August, 1843, overthrew the government of ESPARTERO, and drove him into exile. He resided four years in England, till the decree of outlawry against him was repealed, when he returned to Spain, and was greeted at Madrid with enthusiastic popular acclamations.

The government of Queen ISABELLA, at that time under the management of his personal antagonist NARVAEZ, regarded him with no good-will, and he lived in private retirement at Logrono till 1854. In that year, when a new military faction, led by General O'DONNELL, had obtained power, Queen ISABELLA turned to ESPARTERO for assistance, and a compromise was effected, by which he and O'DONNELL were to co-operate in forming a ministry, and the monarchy was to be preserved, with guarantees of constitutional liberty. But these two rival military politicians could not long agree, and ESPARTERO, being the older and weaker, was eventually turned out, retiring once more, in 1856, to his quiet residence at Logrono. He refused to leave it again in 1869, after the dethronement of ISABELLA, though some partisans would have elected him President of a Spanish Republic, or Regent, or perhaps even King of Spain.

ESPARTERO has generally been considered an honest and disinterested man, though not a statesman of great ability. He was a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and enjoyed the friendship of some of the English Whig nobility and of other Liberal politicians in that country, for which he always professed a special regard.

THE LATE MARSHAL ESPARTERO.

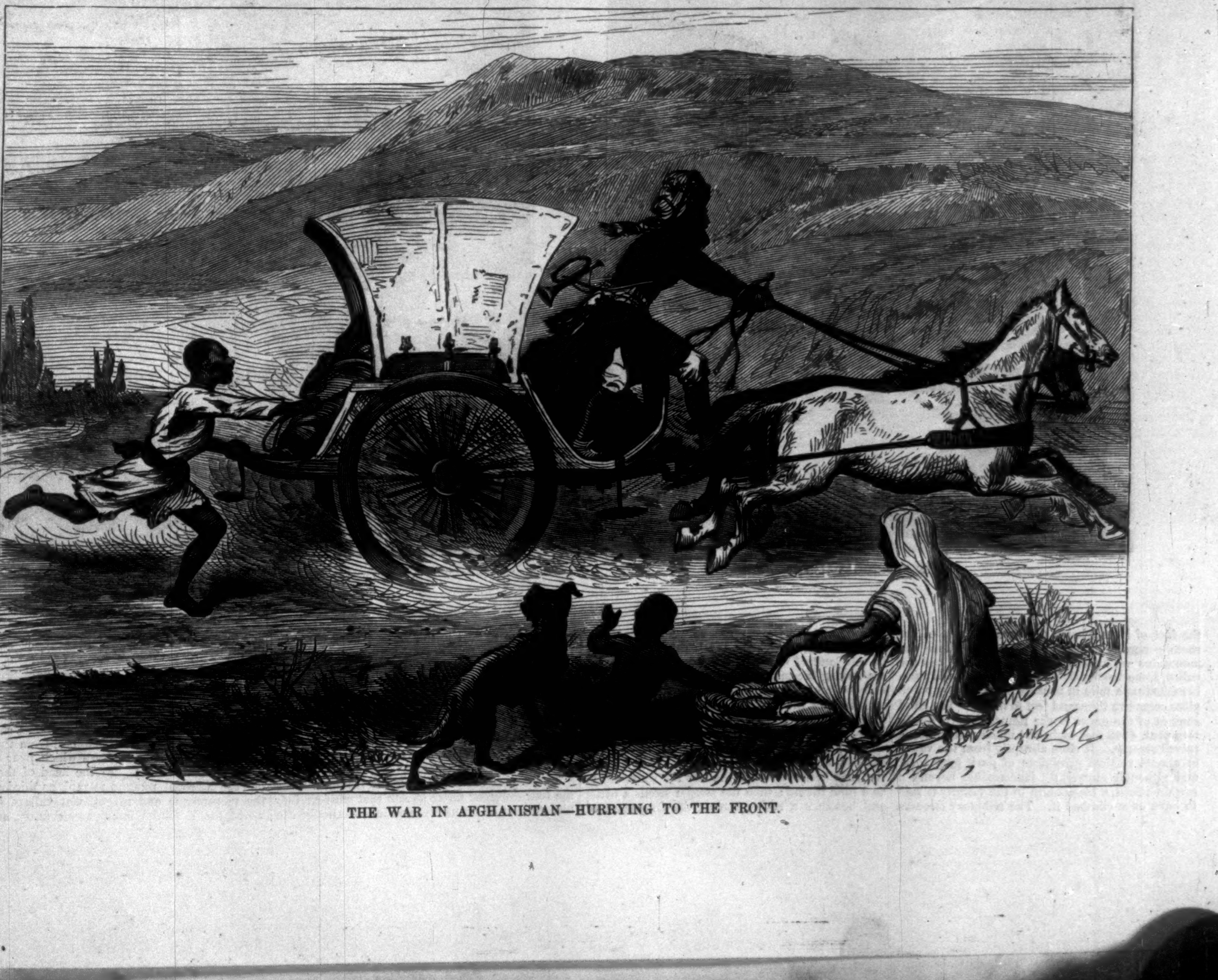
Our engraving of the portrait of Marshal ESPARTERO is from a photograph taken many years ago, before his countenance and figure showed the effects of old age; but it represents him as he was in the latter part of his political career, under the reign of Queen ISABELLA II.

THE WONDERS OF NORWAY.

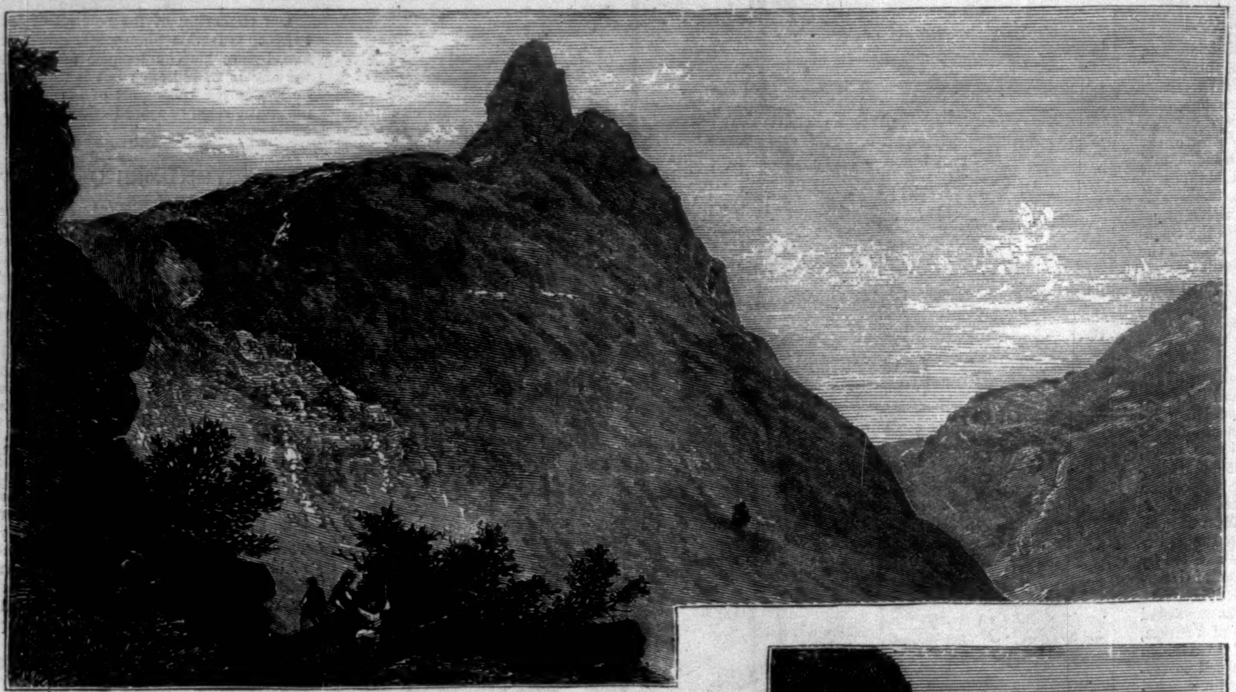
THE mountain scenery of Norway rivals in beauty and grandeur that of any other country in the world. The whole of the Scandinavian peninsula consists of a connected mountain mass which, in the southern and western parts of Norway, becomes one continuous chain of rocky highlands, with steep declivities dipping down to the sea, and only here and there broken by narrow tracts of arable land. In the higher latitudes the range rises rapidly on the western side, and of the numerous summits which lie along the water-shed, and which rise above the line of perpetual snow, the highest, called the Sulitelma, has an elevation of 6200 feet. The mean level of the range, about 4000 feet, is occupied by extensive snow fields, from which glaciers descend to the edge of the sea, while here and there the vast snow plain is broken by fiords, some of which penetrate more than seventy miles through the rocky masses. These inlets run, in many cases, through the middle of long and finely wooded valleys, inclosed by rocky walls which are either quite bare or covered with lichens, mosses, and stunted brushwood, among which water-falls pour perpendicularly down the mountain-side.

South of 60° north latitude the range of the Scandinavian mountains is known as the Norska or Dovre-Field, although the latter name belongs properly only to the part immediately in contact with the Kiölen. This range attains its greatest elevation at the Sogne Fiord, where it is known as the Hurungen. Here the highest summits are between 8000 and 9000 feet above the sea, while the contiguous snow fields of the Justedal, the largest in Europe, and covering an area of 600 square miles, have probably an elevation of 7000 feet. From these and other vast snow fields glaciers descend to within a distance of 2000 feet above the sea, where they often terminate in deep lakes, some of which are very extensive. This range is famed for the beauty of its numerous fiords, fringed with lofty pines, which skirt the base of the rocky walls, whose rugged sides are washed by precipitous water-falls, some of which, as the Keel Foss or the Sogne Fiord, are 2000 feet in height.

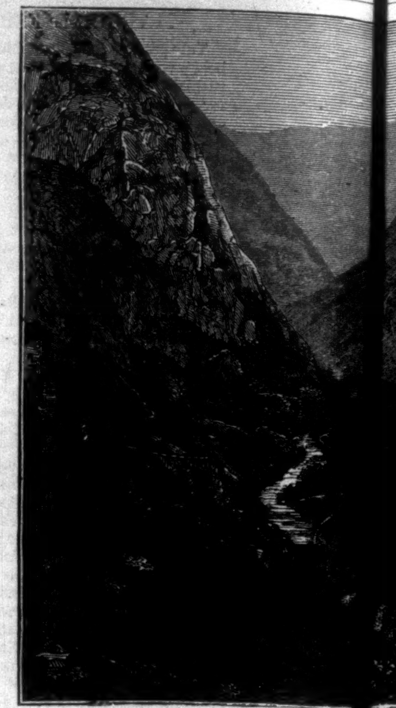
The beauties of Norwegian scenery, although enthusiastically praised by travellers who have made their way into this Northern land, have not as yet become generally familiar either through the labors of artists or reiterated descriptions, so that to many of our readers the group of sketches on our double page will probably have all the charm of novelty. The special characteristic of the scenery of Norway is the grand union of precipitous cliffs with beautiful water effects, whether in the way of placid lakes, running brooks, or wild and tumultuous cascades. This is particularly exemplified in the Romsdal, or valley of the Rauma, one of the grandest and most picturesque of Norwegian valleys, though often neglected from



THE WAR IN AFGHANISTAN—HURRYING TO THE FRONT.



THE ROMSDALSHORN.



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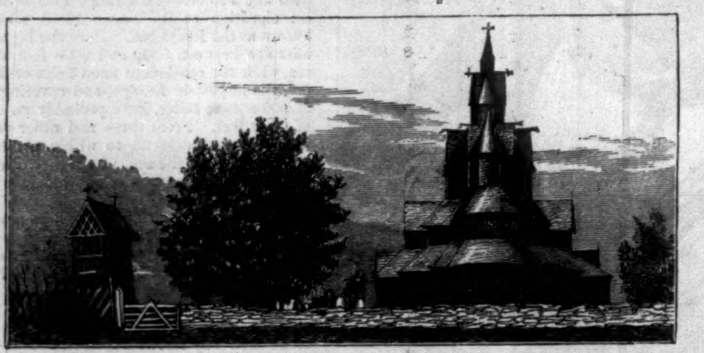
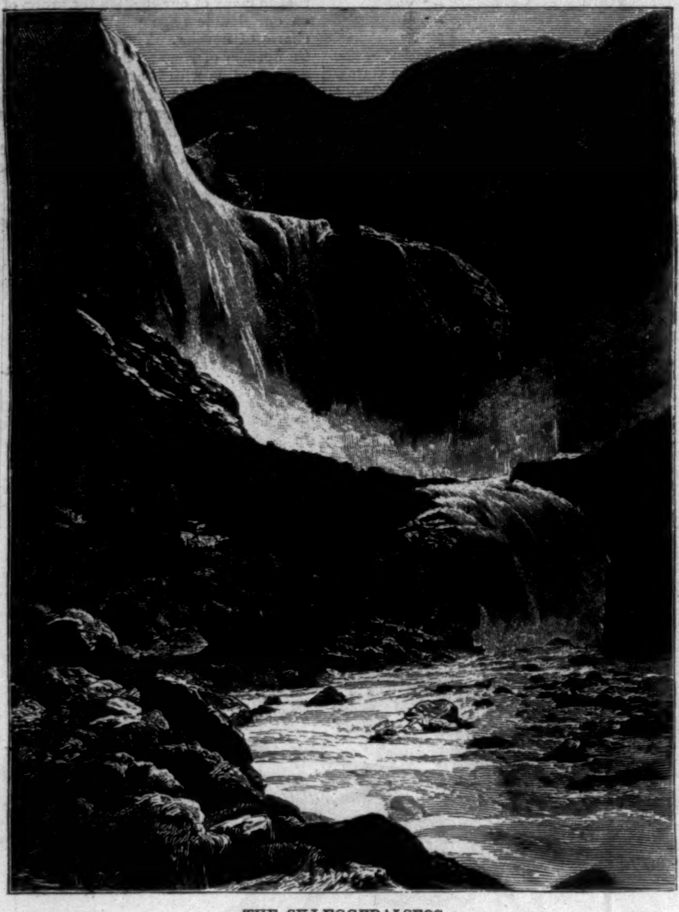
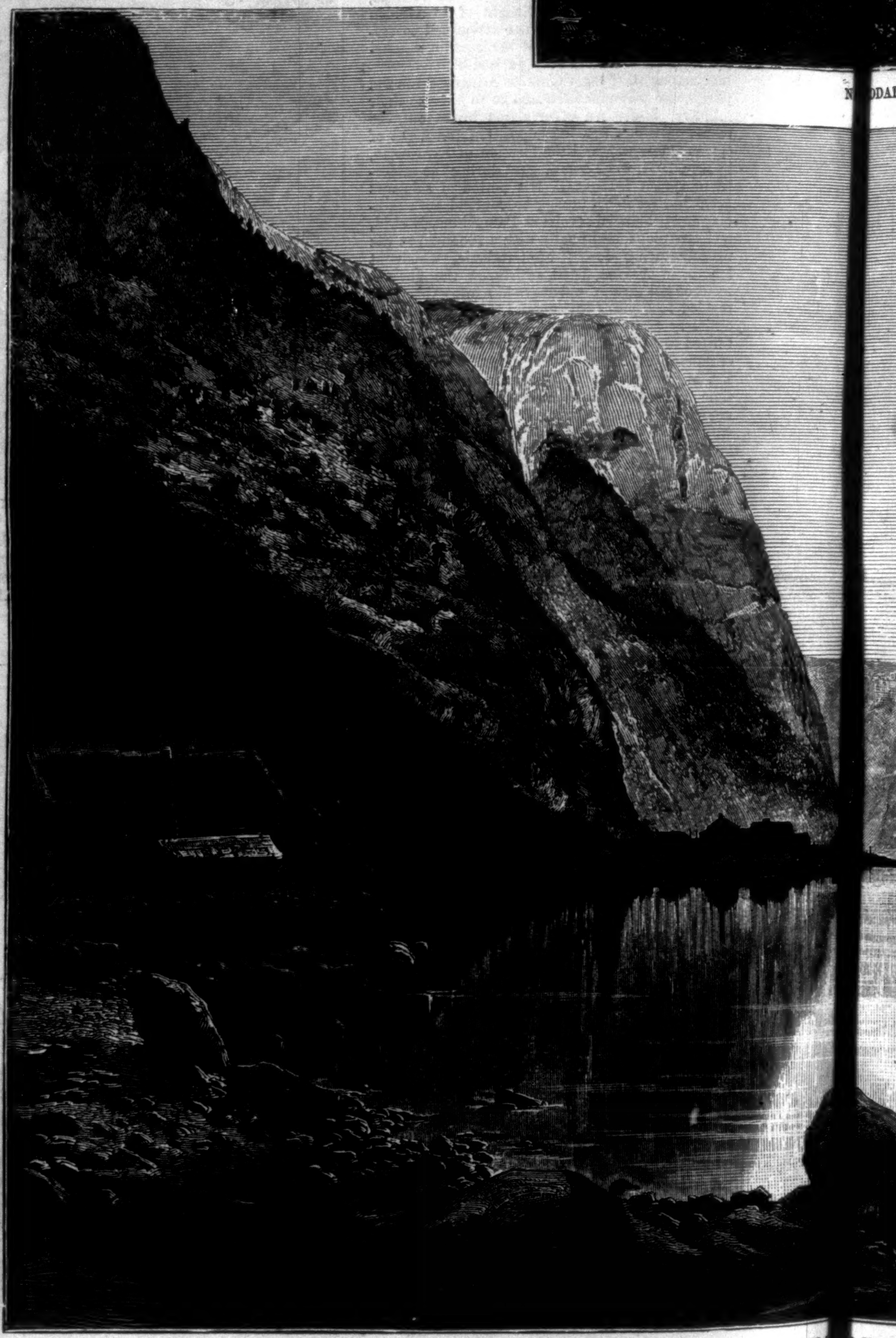


HITTERDAL CHURCH.



THE SKJÆGGEDALSFOS.



THE O FIORI

the fact of its not being on the direct line of the route generally followed by tourists. Here the mountains are exceedingly fine in outline, and the valley, some twenty-five miles in length and rarely exceeding a mile in breadth, is shut in by precipices some two thousand feet in height. The chief summit of the gorge is the Romsdalshorn, a solitary peak 4188 feet high, and much resembling a ruined steeple. It rises abruptly from the valley in almost vertical precipices of dark gray rock, and although apparently inaccessible beyond a certain height, a blacksmith in the vicinity is said to have once climbed it. The tributary streams falling into the Rauma are very numerous, and their falls and cascades are highly picturesque. In this land of water-falls those of the Romsdal are among the most remarkable both as regards number and beauty. Several of the nameless multitude of the minor falls pitch over the precipice, and after descending a thousand feet or more, disappear entirely. This occurs especially on the north wall, which is exposed to the rays of the mid-day sun. From where the upper edge of the rock seems to touch the sky the water starts as a blue thread; then the stream swells a little, and becomes a snowy streak, the fragments of which seem to float in the air and wave about in the wind; this feathery mist gradually diffuses and diminishes, until at last it melts away into invisible vapor, the completeness of its dissolution being proved by the dryness of the projecting rock below, on which it must have fallen had it continued to survive in its liquid state. This evaporation is doubtless caused by the combined action of the direct rays of the sun and the radiation from the wall of rock.

In studying our engravings the reader will see the four different water effects that with an infinite number of beautiful variations challenge the admiration of the traveller at nearly every step of his journey through Norway In the Næro Fiord we have a calm and placid lane of water eighteen miles in length and nearly half a mile in breadth. On each side may be seen occasional groves of birch and pine trees, and here, as elsewhere throughout this mountainous country, are the grand vertical precipices, from three to five thousand feet high, down which pour scores of beautiful cascades. At the head of the fiord lies the Nærodal, reputed to rank as third among the picturesque and magnificent valleys of the world, the Yosemite, in our own country, and the

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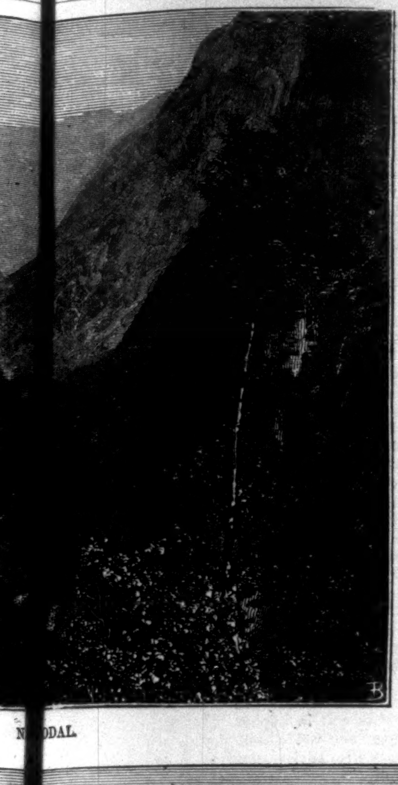

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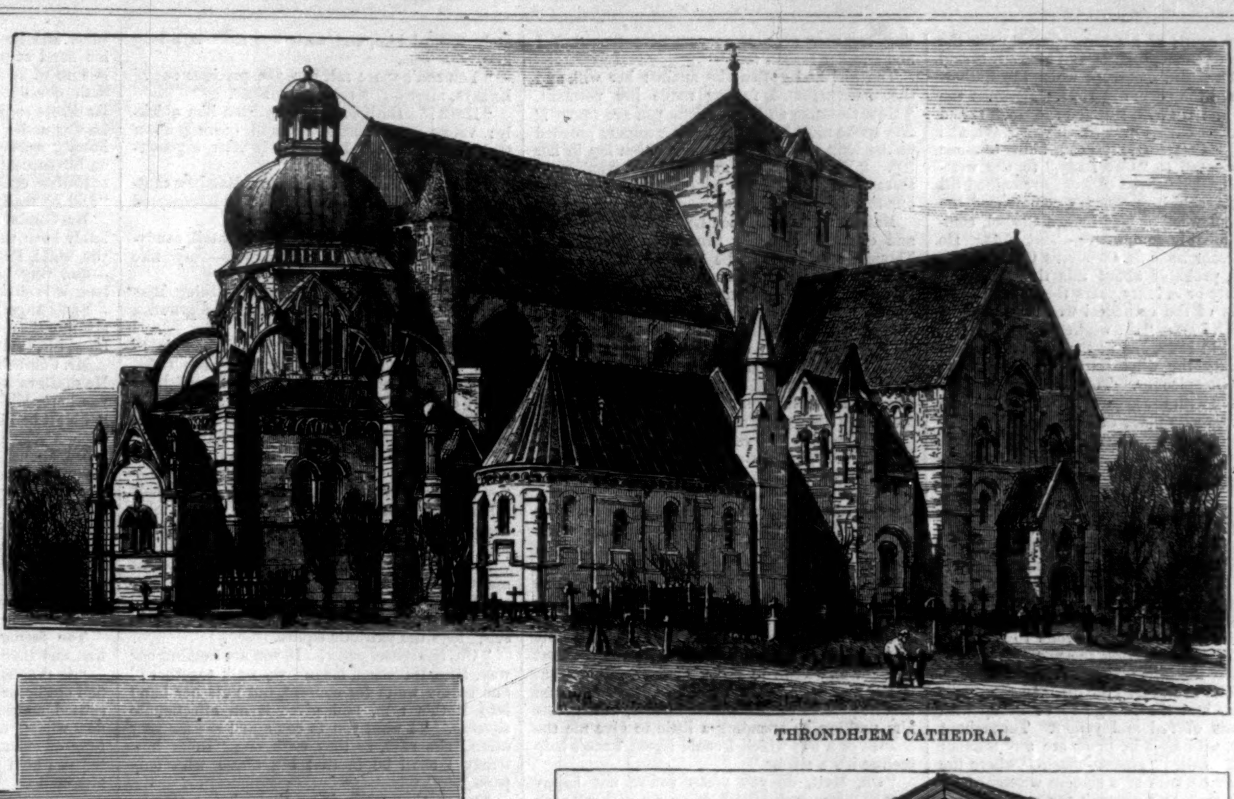
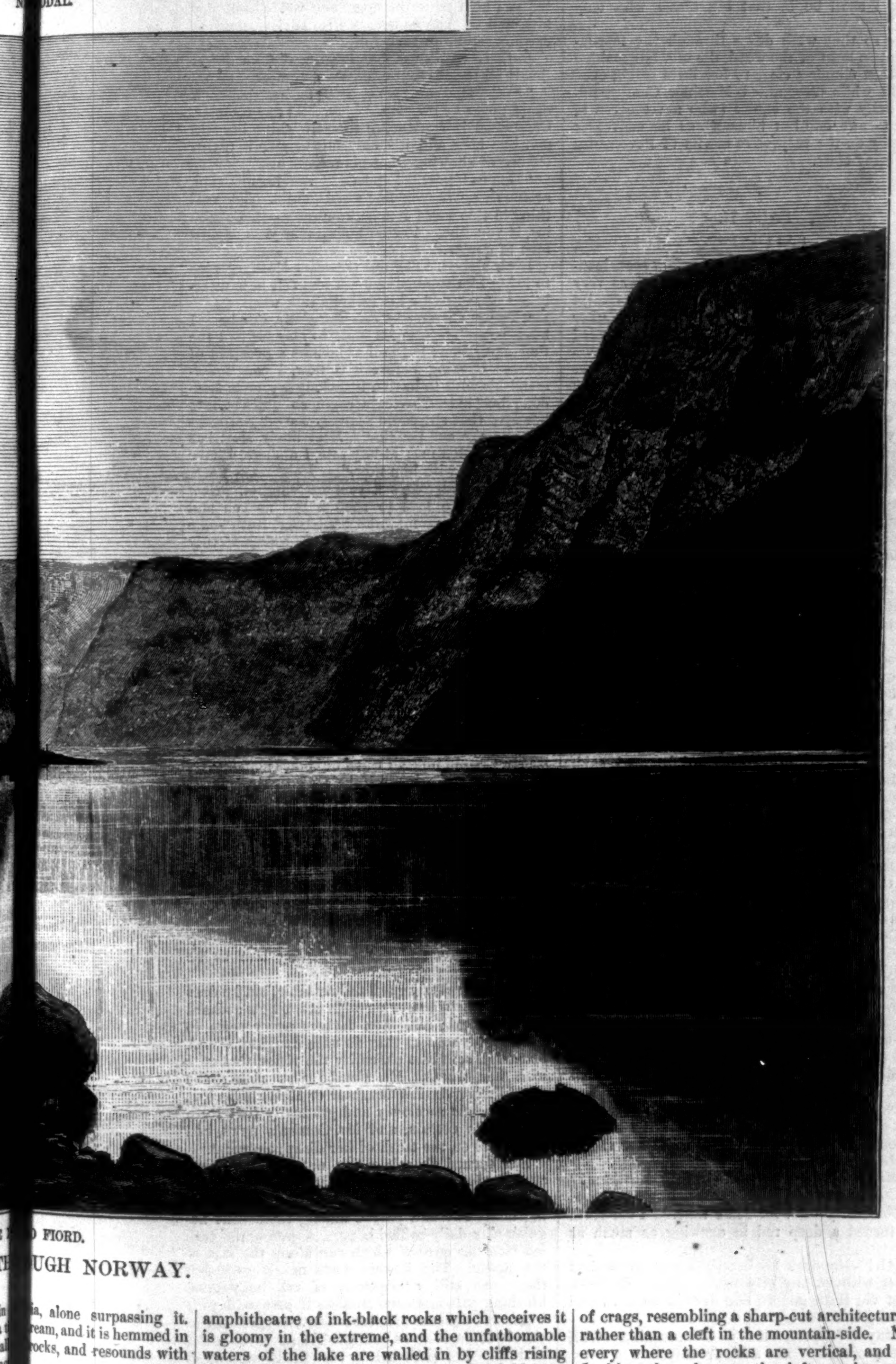


THRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

STABLE AT BREDHEIM, THELEMARKEN.



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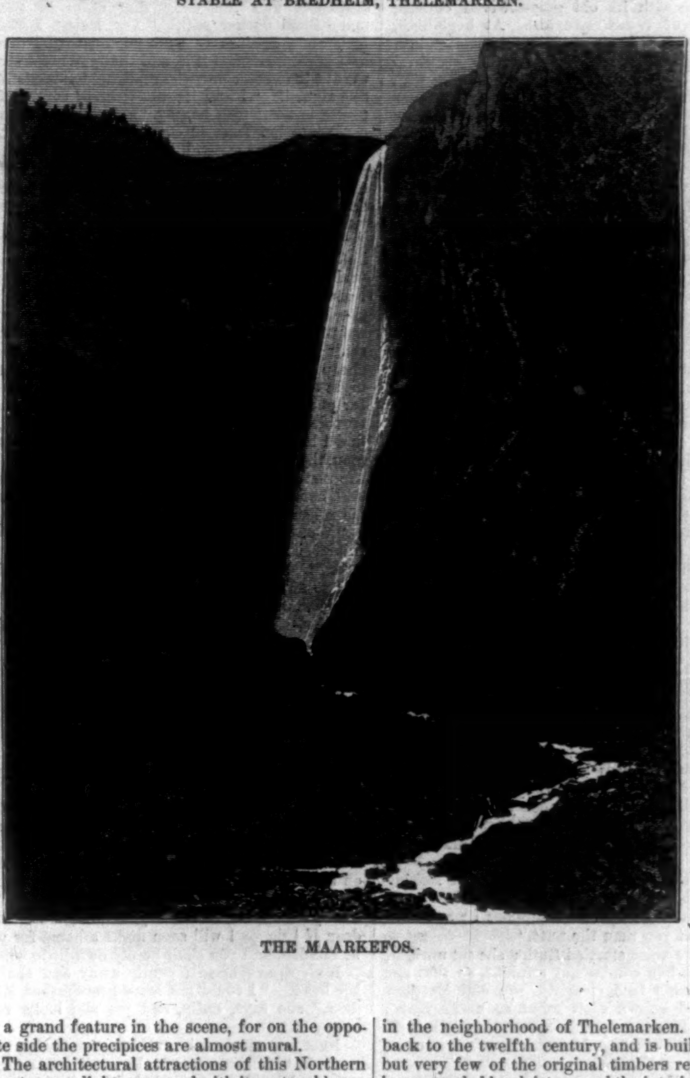

THE MAARKEFOS.

...UGH NORWAY.

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...form the side of a gorge ... precipitous, as in the ... the most beautiful bits ... we have a cascade fall- ...height, but leaping from ...descending a giant stair- ...fos is 700 feet in height, ... lake situated in a later- ... Hardanger Fiord. The amphitheatre of ink-black rocks which receives it is gloomy in the extreme, and the unfathomable waters of the lake are walled in by cliffs rising sheer from the margin to the snow-clad field 2000 feet above. Of the four great water-falls of Norway, the Maarkefos is the loftiest. It leaps from the edge of a mountain plateau which appears to extend for many miles above the precipices of the main chain, and both the top and bottom of the fall are accessible. The height of the fall is about 1000 feet, and it comes down in one plunge from the top, presenting the appearance of a feathery tail of foam suspended in a wild black frame-work of crags, resembling a sharp-cut architectural bay rather than a cleft in the mountain-side. Nearly every where the rocks are vertical, and those flanking the edge on the left overhang. The stream itself is little more than a mountain beck in point of size, and rustles with many a tiny break or fall in its course through a wood of birch and Scotch fir. At the brink of the precipice over which it rushes the breadth can be hardly more than fourteen feet, but it is tolerably deep. Gazing down from this point, the traveller is struck with the extreme wildness of the crags below the brink of the fall; and the valley itself is a grand feature in the scene, for on the opposite side the precipices are almost mural.

The architectural attractions of this Northern country are slight compared with its natural beauties, but many of the older buildings are exceedingly picturesque, and our artist has interspersed among his landscape views several sketches that are especially characteristic. In many cases the exteriors of houses and stables are quaintly carved, as will be seen from the sketch representing a stable at Bredheim. The little church at Hitterdal is not only an interesting bit of ancient architecture, but is counted as one of the chief lions in the neighborhood of Thelemarken. It dates back to the twelfth century, and is built of pine, but very few of the original timbers remain. It is surrounded by cloisters, and the interior is painted a light buff color, the windows being of green glass. The great marvel of Norwegian architecture is the cathedral at Throndhjem. The city is the ancient capital of Norway, and was founded by King OLAF TRYGVASON in 997. The history of the cathedral begins with the founding of a religious edifice, on the spot where St. Clement's Church now stands, by St. OLAF, in the early part of the eleventh century. The saint was buried a